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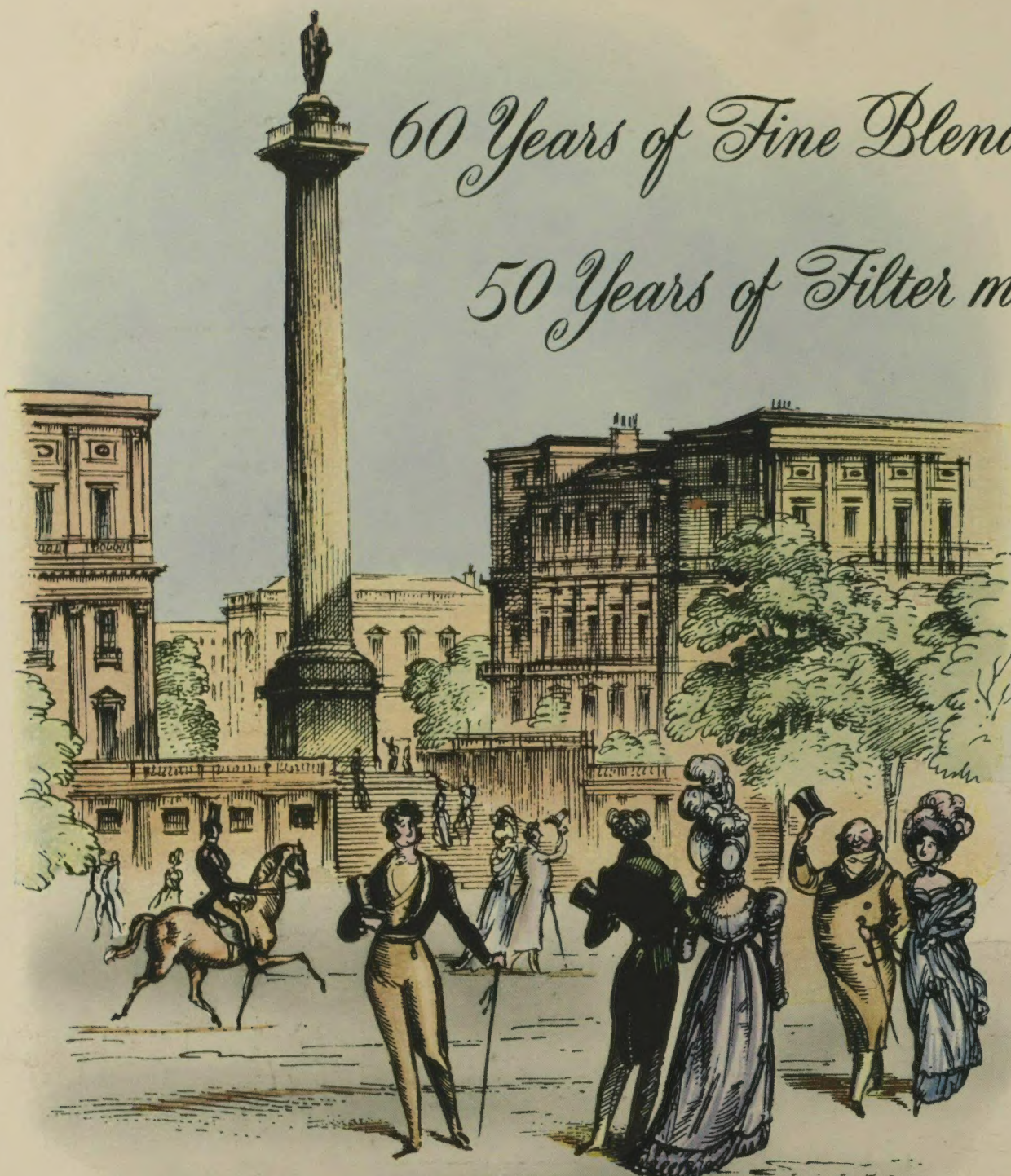
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1958.



AT COWES: THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND MR. UFFA FOX ENJOY AN OUTING IN BLUEBOTTLE.

The Duke of Edinburgh, with the Prince of Wales, embarked in *Britannia* for Cowes Week on August 4, and the following day the young Prince was taken by his father for a sail in the Dragon-class yacht *Bluebottle*. With the Duke and the Prince were Mr. Uffa Fox and Lieut.-Commander P. Dillnott. The weather was unfortunately overcast and damp, although there was a good sailing breeze. Later, the Duke of Edinburgh, with

Mr. Uffa Fox (his sailing adviser) as one of his crew, sailed in *Bluebottle* in a race with fourteen other Dragon-class yachts. *Bluebottle* made a bad start, but later succeeded in finishing sixth after having at one point been in last place. Another Royal helmsman during the day's sailing at Cowes was Prince Michael of Kent, who went out with Lieut.-Commander A. Easton, the Royal sailing master. Cowes Week opened on August 2.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

"THERE is an old saying in Lancashire—'Clogs to clogs in three generations.' " In these words Lord Woolton began his recent Oration at Birkbeck College on the 134th anniversary of the College's foundation. His theme was the Inter-Relationship of Human Nature and Social Progress and, though the title was scarcely one the popular Press would consider attractive to its readers, the subject of his address is, in reality, a great deal more interesting and, in my view, more exciting, than any of the subjects which form the staple fare of the daily newspapers at the moment: viz., abusive propaganda from Moscow about a Summit Conference which it is manifestly intended shall either fail or never take place at all; "nationalism" or, as it used to be termed, "jingoism"; the condonation of murder in Cyprus and the Middle East, and of manslaughter on the highways; sex-kittens; the resumption of football in what passes for summer though, at the time of writing, the latter has still to begin; the Anglican priesthood's resort to excommunication, in the high Roman manner, of devout but diversionist members of its congregation; the continuance of cold or comparatively cold, war between the chatelaine of the *Shemara* yacht and the Principality of Monaco. And so on! As this week I cannot bring myself to write about any of these topics, I am resorting, in the midst of what the Press used to call the Silly Season—one in which everyone except journalists departs on holiday—to the reflections of one who, whatever his claims to be regarded as one of our greatest living statesmen, is certainly one of our wisest.

Lord Woolton began his address by remarking that "whilst in recent decades the scientist has made many new and bewildering discoveries about the nature and the reaction of matter and the processes of the material world, one of the least tractable and understandable factors in our existence is the reaction, over any long period of time, of the mind of man, his impulses, habits and character, to the varying circumstances of environment as generation succeeds generation and experience changes over the centuries the nature of social environment." For however powerful, competent and well-intentioned, he continues, "the organisation of society may become, that organisation, and the people it embraces, will deteriorate and collapse if the quality of the human stuff with which it is concerned is poor, or if the nature of the organisation weakens the mental or moral fibre of the humanity on which it operates."

Now Lord Woolton has lived through the greatest peaceful and State-made revolution ever recorded in human annals. During his adult life he has seen Britain transformed by parliamentary legislation from the kind of society it was at the end of Queen Victoria's reign into the utterly different, and indeed, contrary, kind of society it is to-day. He has seen a society based on almost untrammelled self-help turn in the space of a lifetime into a society which regards self-help as a social crime and which punishes it by penal taxation if it takes almost any of what were formerly regarded as its most reputable forms. What is more, he has taken an important and most valuable part in bringing that revolution about. He began his career a professional executive

of the then new science of Social Service. He ended it as the highly successful Chairman of the political Party which has been in the parliamentary ascendant for all but seven or eight of the past forty years and which during them has played as important a part as any in initiating and framing the legislation that has brought about the social revolution of our time. And during the late war, when our hopes, not only of victory, but of a new and better society, were at their height, he was the man, who, having fed our bodies when they were hungriest, was chosen by the nation's leader, Winston Churchill, to draft, as Minister of Reconstruction, the blueprint for the brave new world after the war. What he has to say in retrospect on the subject of making better worlds by legislation is, therefore, entitled to considerable respect.

"Apart from a surprising optimism, was there," he asks, "wisdom in the determination of the great statesmen of the world who decided in the Atlantic Charter that they should seek to remove fear and

the tremendous and searing experience of operational bombing and who for many months had been subjected to an ordeal that only the staunchest and most enduring could bear. To my surprise—for I did not then know him as I do now—Lord Woolton accepted my suggestion and, in the midst of his many great occasions and tasks, visited that little discussion group on a remote country airfield.

And this brings me to what, I think, is the germ and core of Lord Woolton's reflections on our post-war experience. "In all plans for social reform the limiting factor," he observes, "is not the power of government to think of plans, or to think of ways to finance them; the limiting factor always is the willingness or the capacity of the individual to react in the interests of the whole society, to the conditions that the government creates." His conclusion, as he looks at the modern world, with its manifest failures born of human nature, is not, as that of so many, a pessimist's. He does not despair of human nature

or of democracy because our attempts to banish want, fear and oppression have so manifestly failed to abolish the human evils that create want, fear and oppression—greed, anger, jealousy, lust, selfishness. He merely faces the reality that underlies all schemes of political or social amelioration: that unless their consequence is to make better men and women, they will not result in bettering the lot of man at all. Therefore, he contends, a society which is spending, and rightly, vast sums on investigating the material, physical and medical forces of the world, ought to be as ready and eager to investigate the science of human nature, the most important of all problems, since on it depends the working out in practice of everything we seek to do. "The question of the use of weapons is not a question the scientist will settle. The question is not what can the weapon do, but what will man do; and how

little we know of the factors that ultimately determine that judgment—fear, hatred, the desire for conquest or for gain, or even perhaps, and alas, just a human failure to control exasperation. The 'mind' of man is the determining factor, not his technological capacity." The real argument for democracy is not that it enables every man to achieve all he wants; though this is what is often popularly supposed, it is obvious that it can do no such thing. For man can only achieve all he wants at the expense of oppressing others, and of himself becoming a monster; and even then, as the history of millionaires and dictators shows, he remains unsatisfied. The true object of democracy is to produce the conditions in which, not merely a chosen few, but the great mass of men and women, in our own country and all other countries, can achieve the highest moral stature of which their natures are capable. "I do not ask," Lord Woolton says, "that we should reduce the speed of our advances; I only ask for enquiry based on experience so that change may indeed produce progress. That is the scientist's approach to the problems of society. It should be the politician's approach." \*

\* The Earl of Woolton, *The Inter-Relationship of Human Nature and Social Progress*; Foundation Oration delivered at Birkbeck College, 1957, printed for Birkbeck College, London, by J. W. Ruddock and Sons Ltd.

#### THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD AT EBBW VALE.



A PRINTER RECEIVES THE BARDIC CROWN: MR. D. LLEWELLYN JONES BEING CROWNED BY THE ARCHDRUID, THE REVEREND WILLIAM MORRIS, AT THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

On August 5 at the National Eisteddfod at Ebbw Vale the Bardic Crown, one of the two chief literary awards of the Eisteddfod, was won by Mr. D. Llewellyn Jones, of Llanbadarn Fawr, who is head printer at the National Library of Wales, Aberystwyth. The award was made for a poem, in free metre, of less than 350 lines, and the subject set was *Cymod*, that is "reconciliation." There were three adjudicators and the award was made by a two-to-one vote. The crowning ceremony, which began with the processional entry of the bards, was performed by the Archdruid, the Rev. William Morris.

want from the world? Were these pledges the illusions of the politicians who, whatever their party or their country, have come to believe that they have the power, by legislation and planning, to regulate the lives of men in this comprehensive manner—in disregard not only of economic history but of the limitations that the religious teachers of all ages have experienced in bringing peoples to the high moral state that such proposals involve in the absence of the controlling forces of the fear of consequences of ill-doing? "For there was one factor, Lord Woolton recalls, in the high dreams of wartime, that was forgotten—"and that was human nature." "I must confess," he goes on, "that I shared some of these ideas, and I had this excuse—that I had, during the war, an intimate experience of the grandeur of the national character under strain." And here I may recall, in parenthesis, an experience that much impressed me at the time; of how, being deeply moved by one of the small discussion groups of Service men and women to whom I used to lecture and listen during the War, I wrote to Lord Woolton, whom I then only knew slightly, to suggest that he might find it of some interest, as well as being a means of conferring a great deal of pleasure, if he could spare the time to visit and speak to this group himself. It was composed partly of young men who had been made prematurely wise and old by



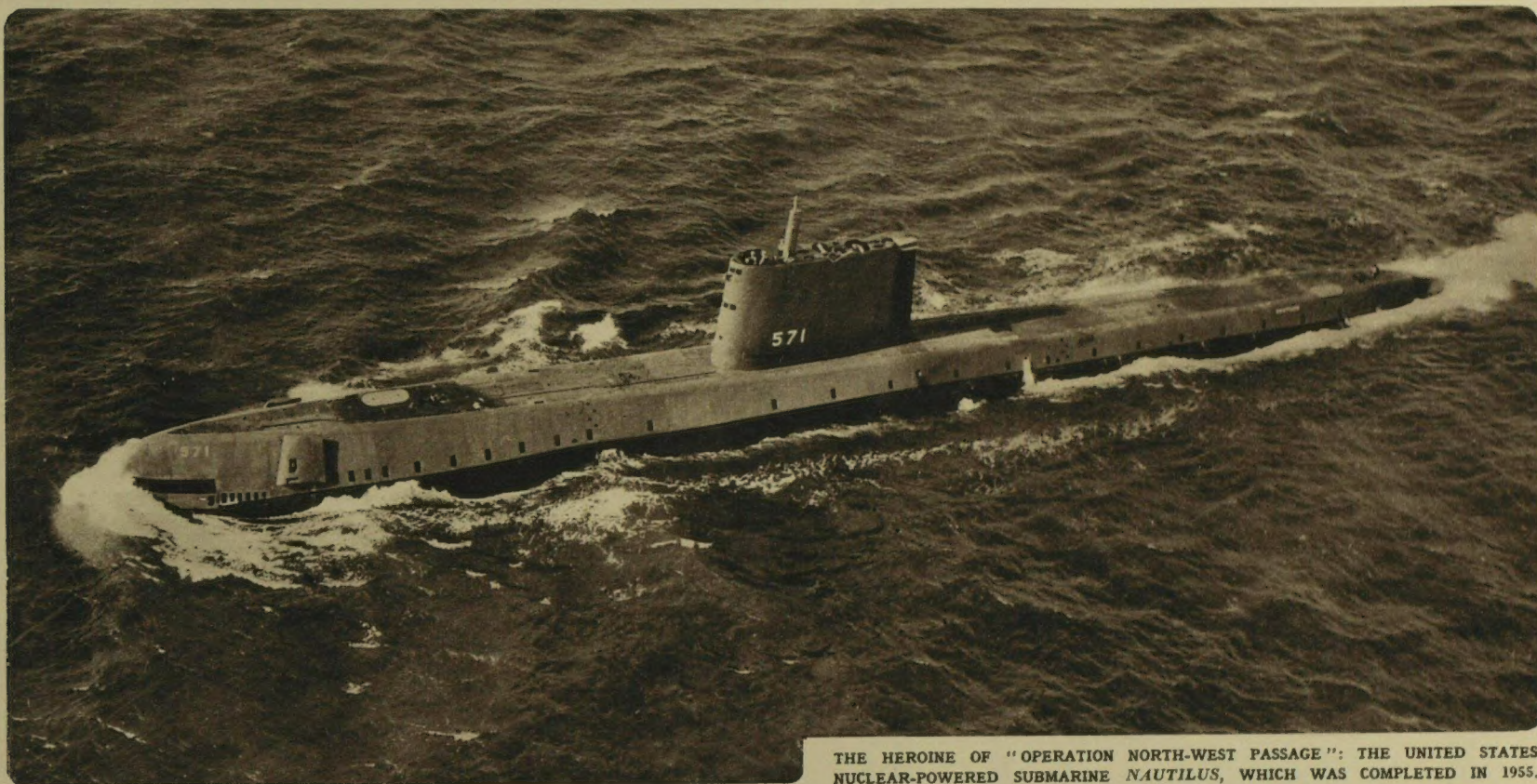


AT THE WHITE HOUSE ON AUGUST 8: PRESIDENT EISENHOWER (CENTRE) CONGRATULATING COMMANDER W. R. ANDERSON, CAPTAIN OF THE NUCLEAR SUBMARINE *NAUTILUS*.

## A VOYAGE UNDER THE NORTH POLE: *NAUTILUS*' HISTORIC ACHIEVEMENT.



WHILE SAILING UNDER THE ARCTIC ICE CAP: TWO MEMBERS OF *NAUTILUS*' CREW WATCHING THE FATHOMETER—A SONIC DEPTH FINDER.



THE HEROINE OF "OPERATION NORTH-WEST PASSAGE": THE UNITED STATES NUCLEAR-POWERED SUBMARINE *NAUTILUS*, WHICH WAS COMPLETED IN 1955.



IN POLAR WATERS SHORTLY BEFORE SUBMERGING UNDER THE ARCTIC ICE PACK: COMMANDER ANDERSON (RIGHT) AND MEMBERS OF HIS CREW ON BOARD *NAUTILUS*.

The 2980-ton nuclear-powered United States submarine *Nautilus* has made history by pioneering "a submerged sea lane between the eastern and western hemispheres." She set out from Honolulu on July 23. On July 29 she passed through Bering Strait, and at 12.37 G.M.T. on August 1 she went under the Arctic ice pack off Point Barrow, Alaska. At 03.15 G.M.T. on August 4 the submarine passed under the North Pole, and she emerged from the ice on Greenwich Meridian at 79 deg. North at 13.54 G.M.T. on the following day. *Nautilus* thus travelled 1830 miles under the ice in ninety-six hours, at a depth

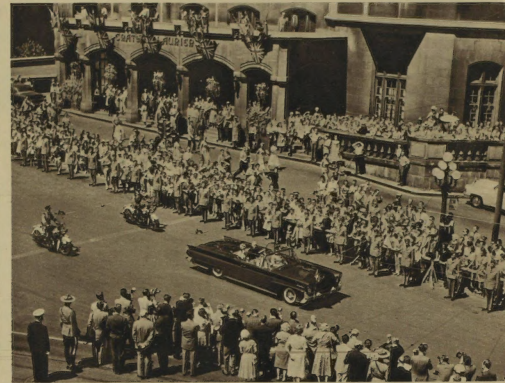


UNDER THE NORTH POLE ON AUGUST 4: COMMANDER ANDERSON SIGNING A LETTER TO PRESIDENT AND MRS. EISENHOWER. BY HIS SIDE IS A CELEBRATORY CAKE.

of 400 ft. or more. Commander W. R. Anderson, captain of *Nautilus*, said that during the voyage they used the periscope to watch the ice going by overhead, and described this as "a fascinating sight." Commander Anderson was taken off the submarine on August 8 by helicopter, and was then flown to Washington, where at a special ceremony at the White House President Eisenhower decorated him with the Legion of Merit. A Presidential unit citation—the first given in peacetime—was awarded to the crew of *Nautilus*, which was to arrive at Portland, Dorset, on August 12.



# PRINCESS MARGARET'S TOUR OF CANADA: AND SCENES IN TORONTO,



AFTER HER ARRIVAL IN OTTAWA ON AUGUST 2: PRINCESS MARGARET DRIVING TO GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ACCOMPANIED BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, AT THE START OF HER THREE-DAY VISIT.



IN ONTARIO'S LARGEST CITY: THE SCENE AT THE CITY HALL IN TORONTO WHERE PRINCESS MARGARET RECEIVED A CIVIL WELCOME.

FOLLOWING Princess Margaret's two-week tour of British Columbia, on the occasion of the Province's centennial celebrations, she visited six other Provinces between July 26 and August 11 when she left Nova Scotia by air for London. After spending three days in Alberta and two in Saskatchewan the Princess arrived in Toronto, Ontario, where she received a tremendous welcome, on July 31. After making a slow drive through the main streets she received an official welcome at the City Hall. This was followed by luncheon given in her honour by the Government of Ontario which was attended by 700 guests. Later the royal visitor left for Stratford where she attended a performance of "A Winter's Tale" and met officials and players of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival. In the evening Princess Margaret left again by train, for Niagara Falls where she arrived the following morning. After watching the roaring waters from various vantage points the Princess drove to Oakes Garden where she received a civic

(Continued below.)



IN OTTAWA: PRINCESS MARGARET BEING GREETED BY THE CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER AND MRS. DIEFENBAKER AT THE PREMIER'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE.



IN THE GROUNDS OF RIDEAU HALL, OTTAWA: PRINCESS MARGARET PLANTING A TREE.



IN ALBERTA: A CHARMING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRINCESS ARRIVING FOR THE STATE DINNER GIVEN IN HER HONOUR AT THE BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL.



IN BRITISH COLUMBIA: PRINCESS MARGARET OPENING CENTURY HOUSE, IN NEW WESTMINSTER.



NEAR NIAGARA FALLS: ONE OF THE MOHAWK INDIAN CHIEFS WHO WERE PRESENTED TO PRINCESS MARGARET. ON THE RIGHT IS MR. J. M. MACDONNELL, FEDERAL MINISTER WITHOUT PORTFOLIO.

(Continued.) welcome and where several Mohawk Indian chiefs, resplendent in eagle-leather head-dresses, were presented to her. Having visited Hamilton, where she presented colours to the Highland Light Infantry of Canada, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, Princess Margaret left for Ottawa. On August 2, her first day there, the Princess had a full round of engagements which included opening the new Ottawa City Hall. At this stage of her busy tour Princess Margaret rested for a day and a half in the Canadian Prime Minister's lakeside home in the Gatineau Hills. After returning to Government House by helicopter on August 5 the Princess later left by train for Montreal.

# HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT NIAGARA FALLS, OTTAWA, HAMILTON AND ELSEWHERE.



AT HAMILTON: PRINCESS MARGARET TAKING HER PLACE FOR A GROUP PHOTOGRAPH AFTER SHE HAD PRESENTED COLOURS TO THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY OF CANADA.



IN TORONTO: PRINCESS MARGARET BEING GIVEN A TICKER-TAPE WELCOME WHEN SHE DROVE DOWN BAY STREET, WHICH WAS LINED WITH CROWDS.



(ABOVE:) IN THE PARK OVERLOOKING NIAGARA FALLS: PRINCESS MARGARET SIGNING THE BIBLE PRESENTED TO THE MOHAWK INDIANS BY QUEEN ANNE IN THE EARLY 18TH CENTURY.

(LEFT:) WEARING A YELLOW WATERPROOF COAT AND HOOD: PRINCESS MARGARET WATCHING THE ROARING CASCADES OF WATER AT NIAGARA FALLS DURING HER VISIT ON AUGUST 1.



ARRIVING FOR HER VISIT TO CANADA'S MOST FAMOUS NATURAL SPECTACLE: PRINCESS MARGARET AT NIAGARA FALLS, IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE, ON AUGUST 1. WITH HER IS MR. ERNEST HAWKINS, THE MAYOR OF NIAGARA FALLS.



BACK FROM THE GATINEAU HILLS: THE PRINCESS ALIGHTING FROM A HELICOPTER AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA.



## FROM ARCHÆOLOGY TO SHOW JUMPING: A NEWS MISCELLANY FROM ENGLAND AND IRELAND.



(Left.) ON THE BRIGHTON LINE AT HAS SOCKS, SUSSEX: THE SCENE AFTER THE COLLISION BETWEEN AN EXCURSION TRAIN (LEFT) AND EMPTY ROLLING STOCK.

Five people were injured, none of them seriously, when the 10.12 a.m. excursion train from Victoria to Brighton was in collision with empty rolling stock at Hassocks on August 8. Three of the eight coaches of the excursion train and the steam engine pulling the empty wagons were derailed, causing a blockage on the line, which meant considerable delays. The line was back in normal operation by the following morning.

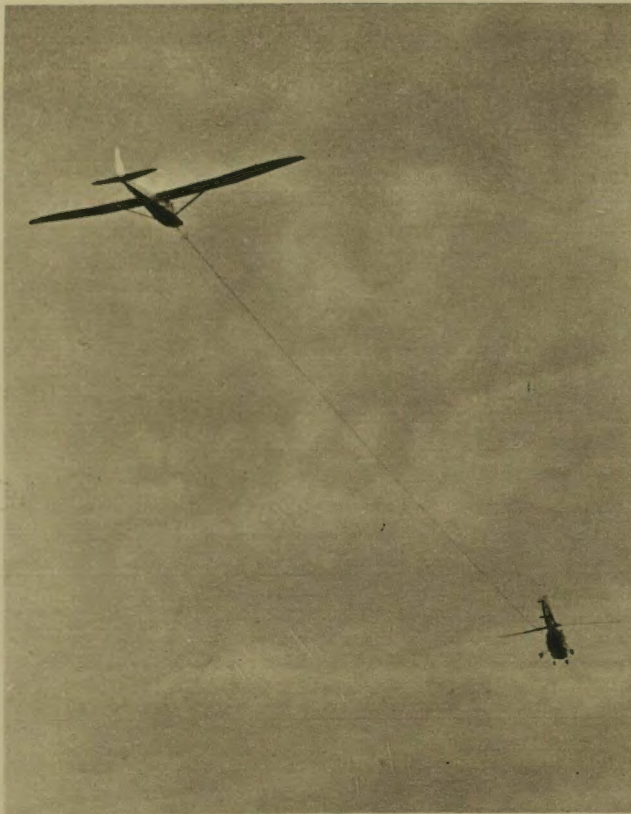


DURING THE CURRENT EXCAVATIONS AT VERULAMIUM, ST. ALBANS: A GENERAL VIEW OF WORK IN PROGRESS ON ONE OF THE SITES —WITH A FINE MOSAIC IN THE FOREGROUND.

A six-week season of further excavations at Roman Verulamium, under the direction of Mr. Sheppard Frere, opened in July, and has resulted in a number of interesting finds, including the mosaic seen here, which is one of the finest Roman pavements discovered in Great Britain in recent years.



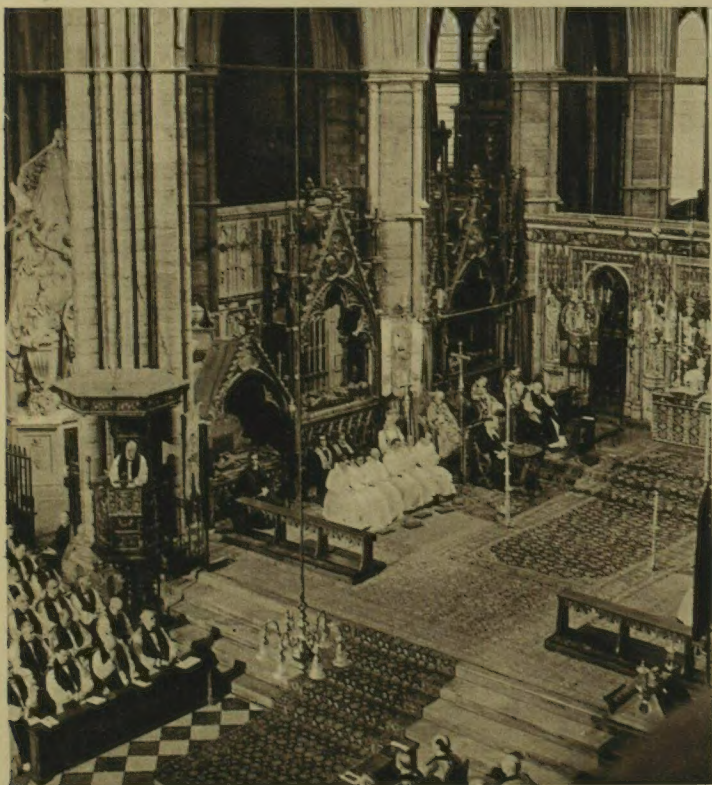
IN URGENT NEED OF RESTORATION, FOR WHICH AN APPEAL HAS BEEN LAUNCHED AMONG BIRMINGHAM BUSINESS MEN: "PERROTS FOLLY"—A 100-FT.-HIGH TOWER AT EDGBASTON, BUILT IN 1760 AS A LOOK-OUT TOWER, AND NOW IN USE AS AN OBSERVATORY AND WEATHER STATION.



HELICOPTER TOWS GLIDER—REPUTEDLY FOR THE FIRST TIME: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING A TEST FLIGHT AT LEE-ON-SOLENT. This successful launching of a glider towed by a helicopter, which took place at the R.N. Air Station at Lee-on-Solent, may well have revolutionary results in glider flying because this method enables a glider to become airborne with a very short run.



ON THE SOUTH BANK AT BATTERSEA: WORK STARTING ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE HELICOPTER LANDING STATION BEING BUILT BY WESTLAND AIRCRAFT LTD. IT IS EXPECTED TO BE COMPLETED BY THE END OF THE YEAR.



(Left.) THE CLOSE OF THE 1958 LAMBETH CONFERENCE: THE SCENE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY DURING THE SPECIAL SERVICE ON AUGUST 10, AT WHICH HOLY COMMUNION WAS CELEBRATED.

The 1958 Lambeth Conference came to a majestic close at Westminster Abbey when the 313 Anglican Bishops who had been attending the conference assembled for a special service of thanksgiving. The sermon was preached by the Presiding Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States, the Rt. Rev. Henry Knox Sherrill. After the service the bishops walked in procession to the Chapter House, where the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke the final prayers.



A BRITISH WIN AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: MR. G. HOBBS, ON ROYAL LORD, RECEIVING THE AGA KHAN'S CUP FROM THE BEGUM AGA KHAN ON AUGUST 8. The British team won the Aga Khan's Cup at the Dublin Horse Show on August 8. Watching Mr. Hobbs receiving the cup are the other members of the team: (l. to r.) Mr. H. Smith on Farmer's Lad, Mrs. Banks on Earlsrath Rambler, and Mr. T. Charlesworth on Smokey Bob.



## CYPRUS: THE AFTERMATH OF VIOLENCE— AND THE TALKS IN ATHENS AND ANKARA.



A RESULT OF THE RECENT WAVE OF FIRE-RAISING IN CYPRUS: A TRADESMAN IN NICOSIA SELLING FROM A BARROW AFTER HIS SHOP HAD BEEN BURNT.



WHERE THE GREEK AND TURKISH QUARTERS MEET IN NICOSIA: BRITISH SOLDIERS PATROL AMONG THE RUINS CAUSED BY THE FIRE-RAISERS.



DURING THE TALKS WITH MR. MACMILLAN IN ATHENS: L. TO R., THE GREEK AMBASSADOR IN LONDON; MR. AVEROFF, THE FOREIGN MINISTER; MR. KARAMANLIS, THE PRIME MINISTER, AND ONE OF THE GREEK OFFICIALS.



IN CONFERENCE WITH THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER: L. TO R., THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN GREECE; MR. MACMILLAN; SIR HUGH FOOT; AND MR. MELVILLE, AN OFFICIAL.



ARRIVING AT ANKARA AIRPORT: MR. MACMILLAN, WITH MR. MENDERES, TURKISH PRIME MINISTER (LEFT), RAISES HIS HAT AS A BAND PLAYS THE TWO NATIONAL ANTHEMS.



DURING THE DISCUSSIONS ON CYPRUS: MR. MACMILLAN WITH MR. MENDERES, THE TURKISH PRIME MINISTER, IN ANKARA.

Mr. Macmillan arrived in Athens in a *Comet* of R.A.F. Transport Command on August 7 for talks on Cyprus. On August 9 he went on to Ankara for further discussions. His two visits were made shortly after his appeal, and those of the Prime Ministers of Greece and Turkey, for order in Cyprus, where inter-communal and anti-British violence had recently reached a new climax. After the talks in Athens a non-committal joint *communiqué* was issued.

Mr. Macmillan was accompanied in Athens by Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, who also had talks with Archbishop Makarios. The discussions in Ankara, at which Sir Hugh Foot was again present, ended rather abruptly, a further meeting for August 11, the day on which Mr. Macmillan returned by *Comet* to Britain, being cancelled. On his return journey, Mr. Macmillan paid an unexpected visit to Cyprus.



**D**URING the present Middle East troubles the situation of Israel has naturally been discussed from time to time, but other problems have always occupied the foreground. To-day, after no less than three articles on these problems, I put them aside, though the newspapers are full of the Russian acrobatics on the conference trapeze. The position of Israel has been from its foundation a vital factor in Middle Eastern politics. If Israel has been overshadowed since the revolution in Iraq and the intervention of the United States in Lebanon and of Britain in Jordan, her significance has not diminished. In some respects it may have increased. "Anti-colonialism" among Arabs does nothing to make them love Israel any better.

Israel's land frontiers are conterminous with those of Egypt, Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon. In Palestine itself, which the inattentive regard as synonymous with Israel, the armistice frontier with Jordan round the Hebron-Nablus-Jenin bulge has only a ribbon of coast plain between it and the sea. Egypt and Syria are from Israel's point of view constant factors, hardly likely to change under Nasser. On the other hand, Lebanon and Jordan are in-constant factors because their immediate future is uncertain. Were some sort of neutralisation of Lebanon to be achieved—and given a likelihood of permanency—it would be to the advantage of Israel. If Lebanon had fallen, or were to fall, into the hands of her tougher Syrian neighbour, Israel's situation would be worse than ever.

But the worsening would not be serious because this little country can never be much of a menace to Israel. The Jordan flank is a more complex matter. By a curious step-by-step shift in international politics, Israel's best friend among the greater Powers is no longer the United States but France. It is also evident that General de Gaulle is continuing the policy of his predecessors in this respect. The Israel Foreign Minister, Mrs. Meir, has been having "helpful talks" with him, after which she held the usual Press Conference. Asked what would be the attitude of Israel if the new Government of Iraq launched an attack on Jordan, she told the journalists that this would bring about a very serious security problem for her country.

The special feature of such an attack would, of course, be that its success would bring Israel not only into contact with a new Arab country with far greater resources than Jordan, but with one which was not a party to the armistice agreement signed after the Arab-Israeli war. I do not know whether the study of strategy is included in the activities of this gifted lady, but I cannot help thinking that she stressed the danger a little more than was warranted, because her eyes were fixed on French arsenals, which specialise in handy equipment for hill and desert warfare. In fact, Jordan is in less danger from Iraq than from Syria, Egyptian irregulars, and subversion by

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### ISRAEL AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

By **CYRIL FALLS,**

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

propaganda. In any event, it looks as though the new Iraqi Government meant to keep quiet for the time being.

The immediate effect of absorption of Jordan by Syria would be the elimination of the remaining British-trained staff officers, and this would make the Army less efficient. Doubtless instructors could be found elsewhere. All this, however, is speculation in the abstract. We may confidently hope that direct British protection for Jordan will not cease until King Hussein's Government has been afforded as good a prospect of survival as it is humanly possible to provide. Had Jordan been overthrown by a combination of force from outside and internal revolt, Israel might well have been tempted to seize at least the Judæan and Samarian Hills and clear the road from Nazareth,

Since the death of King Abdullah, Nuri was, in fact, the one man with high authority in the Arab world who envisaged a settlement with Israel by means other than force. His projects are unknown, but the formation of the Arab Union might have given him an opportunity to disclose them. It lasted two months and his remarkable life ended with it. (When the speeches of the new Prime Minister are quoted, and we feel that he may be a sensible statesman, we are brought up by the disgusting trial, for her life, of a woman who strove to save Nuri from assassination. This links the Government itself with the murder.) It may be long before an equally far-sighted Arab leader appears on the scene.

Yet there is urgent need for statesmanship, not only in the great Powers most interested in the Middle East, but inside the Arab nations and in Israel. The future that all students of Arab affairs had long foreseen, but did not regard as immediate, has of late crowded up upon us, so that we can put our field-glasses back in their case. A recent B.B.C. broadcast brought this out clearly, though it was marred by assumptions of omniscience hard to stomach. Industrialism, largely but not entirely founded on oil and coupled with advancing education, is certain to transform a great part of the Arab world within a generation. Even in ten years sweeping changes will appear; even in five there will be a good deal to see. And, of course, some change is visible already.

With oil, industry, and education, especially in scientific fields, go power and mobility. They will give the Arab countries affected a very different look from Israel's point of view. No longer, for example, shall we be able to say, as I have said, that the desert between Iraq and Jordan reduces military movements between them to a trifling scale. The fact that Israel has defeated all the adjacent countries but Jordan and given Egypt a second trouncing for good measure does not guarantee her future. Her effort to preserve herself

inside the Arab ring will be a heavy one. If the fissiparous tendencies of the Arab peoples reappear her task will be somewhat lightened, but a general settlement would be a far better guarantee.

I do not pretend that it would be easy. We have talked of it in all its aspects for a long time and so far have not even been able to find homes for a million Arab refugees. And Russia, whose rulers care not two straws for either Arabs or Jews, stirs the fires of enmity simply to embarrass the Western Powers. Nor do I suggest that it could be permanent: men do not make treaties or draw frontiers for eternity. But it is a task which should not be put down in face of the worst disappointments, one which demands infinite patience and persistence. As I have said, it could be furthered from within the States concerned, perhaps most of all by Israel, though, of course, it takes two to make up a quarrel.



AT THE STAFF COLLEGE, CAMBERLEY: THE CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF, FIELD MARSHAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER, WITH SOME OF THE OFFICERS WHO ATTENDED HIS ANNUAL CONFERENCE ON AUGUST 7.

On August 7, Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, held his annual conference at the Staff College, Camberley. Our photograph, which shows some of those who attended the conference, includes: (Sitting, l. to r.) Lieut.-General A. R. Garrett, Chief of General Staff, Australian Army; General Maxwell D. Taylor, Chief of Staff, United States Army; Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, C.I.G.S.; Mr. Julian Amery, Under Secretary of State for War, and Major-General C. E. Weir, Chief of General Staff, New Zealand Army.

through Jerusalem, to Beersheba, if not to push through to the northern half of the Red Sea and the lower Jordan, and could hardly have been blamed for doing so. As things are, such rashness would be foreign to the record of Mr. Ben-Gurion. Mrs. Meir may be concerned about arms, but not seriously about Jordan.

The old régime in Iraq was strongly hostile to Israel in theory. Nine weeks before his murder, King Faisal, opening the session of a new Parliament of Iraq convened to amend the constitution as required by the creation of the Arab Union, said: "Among the advantages of this Union is the fact that it will double the forces resisting the Zionist danger which has become one of the most deadly threats menacing the Middle East. It is a danger against which all Arab forces should co-operate with the object of removing it." Yet Nuri Al-Said, on the day the Union Government was installed, spoke only of "solving the Palestine question."



# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



**LIBYA.** NEAR BENINA AIRPORT, BENGHAZI: THE SCENE AFTER THE CRASH OF A *VISCOUNT* AIRLINER IN WHICH THIRTY-SIX PEOPLE WERE KILLED.

When a Central African Airways *Viscount* airliner, on a regular service between Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, and London, crashed near Benghazi early on August 9, thirty-six of the fifty-four people on board lost their lives and twelve were injured. Among the uninjured passengers were Sir Alfred Savage, Crown Agent for Oversea Governments, and Lady Savage. Five children were killed.



**CYPRUS.** THE SCENE DURING THE FUNERAL IN NICOSIA OF LIEUT.-COLONEL F. L. COLLIER, R.A.S.C., WHO WAS SHOT BY TERRORISTS WHILE WORKING IN HIS GARDEN AT LIMASSOL ON AUGUST 3. The funeral of Lieut.-Colonel Collier took place with full military honours at the Waynes Keep Military Cemetery, Nicosia, on August 5. Colonel Collier was killed when he was shot five times in the back while working in the garden of his house at Limassol. He was stationed at Episkopi.



**JORDAN.** AT THE ROYAL PALACE IN AMMAN: MR. MURPHY, PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S SPECIAL ENVOY (CENTRE), WITH KING HUSSEIN AND MR. RIFAI (LEFT). Mr. Murphy, President Eisenhower's special envoy, arrived in Amman on July 30 for talks with King Hussein and Mr. Rifai, the Jordanian Prime Minister. During his tour of the Middle East Mr. Murphy had talks in Beirut, Jerusalem, Baghdad and Cairo.



**GERMANY.** PERHAPS INSPIRED BY LEONARDO DA VINCI: A NEW VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AIRCRAFT WITH BIRD-LIKE WINGS WHICH FLAP. DESIGNED BY OSKAR DINORT, THIS REMARKABLE MACHINE IS BEING KEPT UNDER CLOSE GUARD AT COLOGNE AIRPORT.



**BEIRUT, LEBANON.** AFTER A BOMB EXPLOSION ON AUGUST 8 IN WHICH TWO MEN WERE KILLED: THE RUINS OF A COFFEE SHOP IN ONE OF BEIRUT'S MAIN SQUARES. A coffee shop owned by a staunch supporter of President Chamoun was the scene of an explosion on August 8, in which two men were killed. Terrorists were believed to have thrown a bomb, and this was the second attempt to terrorise the owner. From August 10 American troops in Beirut were allowed into the city on local leave.



**FRANCE.** IN PARIS: GENERAL DE GAULLE (CENTRE) ON AUGUST 8 AFTER HE HAD ATTENDED A MEETING OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL COMMITTEE. On August 8 General de Gaulle attended a meeting of the consultative constitutional committee, the special body, composed mostly of parliamentarians, which has been bringing heavy criticism to bear on the draft of the new French constitution. He reaffirmed his belief in Article 14 of the draft constitution which seeks to give the President wide powers in an emergency.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



(Left.)  
MILAN, ITALY.  
OVER 400 FT. HIGH  
AND SAID TO BE  
EUROPE'S HIGHEST  
SKYSCRAPER: THE  
"PIRELLI" BUILDING  
THE ROOF OF WHICH  
HAS RECENTLY BEEN  
COMPLETED. THE  
BUILDING HAS 34  
FLOORS, TWO OF THEM  
UNDERGROUND.



(Right.)  
FRANCE. ON THE  
RIVER TRUYERE IN  
THE SAINT-FLOUR  
DISTRICT, CANTAL:  
THE GRANDVAL DAM,  
PART OF A HUGE NEW  
HYDRO-ELECTRIC  
PROJECT, WHICH IS  
DUE TO BE COM-  
PLETED BY 1960.



LEBANON. COMING ASHORE NEAR BEIRUT: SOME OF THE SEVENTY-FIVE UNITED STATES TANKS WHICH LANDED ON AUGUST 2 AS PART OF A FURTHER ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS.



ISRAEL. AT SHATTA PRISON, IN THE JEZREEL VALLEY: THE ROUGHLY-MADE LADDER USED BY THE ARAB PRISONERS WHO ESCAPED ON JULY 31. Thirteen prisoners and two guards were killed and many were wounded when sixty-six Arab prisoners fought their way out of Shatta prison, not far from the Gilboa sector of the Israel-Jordan frontier. It has been reported that the outbreak was organised by an Egyptian secret agent.



ITALY. DISCOVERED AT BACINELLO, TUSCANY: THE ALMOST COMPLETE SKELETON OF AN *OREOPITHECUS*, STILL EMBEDDED IN COAL. The skeleton of an *Oreopithecus*—a 4-ft.-high manlike creature believed to be the earliest progenitor of man yet discovered—was found in a coal-mine at Bacinello on Aug. 2, after over two years of searching in the area under the leadership of Professor Huerzeler, of Basle University.



DELHI, INDIA. ARRIVING FOR THE OPENING CEREMONY OF INDIA'S NEW SUPREME COURT BUILDING ON AUGUST 4: (L. TO R.) THE VICE-PRESIDENT, DR. RADHAKRISHNAN; THE PRIME MINISTER, MR. NEHRU; THE PRESIDENT, DR. PRASAD (WHO PERFORMED THE OPENING); AND THE CHIEF JUSTICE, MR. DAS.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



**WEST GERMANY. THE WEST GERMAN COAL SURPLUS: A COAL DUMP SPREADING INTO A CORNFIELD AT GELSENKIRCHEN.**

The surplus of coal in West Germany, which has been increasing since the beginning of the year, was recently reported to have reached 10,000,000 tons. On August 6 Dr. Adenauer received union and employers' representatives, and others, to discuss the problem. Among the various causes of the crisis is the competition from oil and from American coal.



**ARGENTINA. DURING RECENT SEVERE FLOODING: A VIEW OF ONE OF THE FLOODED AREAS NEAR BUENOS AIRES.**

At the end of July, following heavy rains, the River Plate rose suddenly and flooded parts of Buenos Aires and large areas in the neighbourhood. Loss of life was not heavy but damage to property and livestock was serious. It was hoped £2,000,000 for relief would be raised.



**U.S.A. OFF RHODE ISLAND: FIGHTING THE BLAZE ON THE PETROL TANKER GRAHAM AFTER SHE COLLIDED WITH THE GULF OIL, WITH THE LOSS OF 15 LIVES.**

At least fifteen seamen were killed and thirty-five injured when the two oil tankers *Graham* and *Gulf Oil* collided in heavy fog at the entrance to Newport harbour, Rhode Island, on August 7. After the collision both ships burst into flames. One of the tankers was carrying a large quantity of petrol.



**AUSTRIA. A WRECKED VILLAGE STREET AFTER THE RECENT FLOODS IN THE VICINITY OF LAKES MILLSTATT AND OSSIACH, CARINTHIA.**

On July 31 torrents of floodwater, caused by violent storms which occurred earlier in the mountains, caused widespread damage in the tourist areas round Lakes Millstatt and Ossiach, in Carinthia, Austria. An English tourist was drowned and altogether sixteen people were feared dead.



**EAST GERMANY. AN EAST BERLIN BREACH OF AGREEMENT: THE NEW BRANDENBURG GATE STATUE REMOVED.**

The agreement between West and East Berlin concerning the erection of a new figure of victory on top of the Brandenburg Gate was broken recently by East Berlin. The bronze figure, cast in West Berlin, was to stand in the Pariserplatz, by the Brandenburg Gate, until it was mounted. On August 3 it was removed from there to the stables of the demolished Royal castle (where it is seen above), near the Marx Engels Platz, by the East Berlin authorities, who gave no satisfactory explanation of their action. The former Brandenburg Gate statue was destroyed in the war.



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.



AFTER A BRITISH SOLDIER, SERGEANT R. G. HAMMOND, HAD BEEN MURDERED BY GUNMEN: SECURITY FORCES CARRYING OUT A SEARCH AT AN IRONMONGER'S SHOP IN NICOSIA.



SEARCHING FOR SERGEANT HAMMOND'S MURDERER: BRITISH SOLDIERS WALKING THROUGH A STREET IN NICOSIA, ARMED AND READY FOR INSTANT ACTION.



SEARCHING THE BONNET OF A CAR AND "FRISKING" THE PASSENGERS: TROOPS COMBING NICOSIA AFTER THE SAVAGE MURDER OF SERGEANT HAMMOND.



AT WAYNES KEEP MILITARY CEMETERY: AN OFFICER PLACING A WREATH ON SGT. HAMMOND'S GRAVE AFTER THE MURDERED SOLDIER HAD BEEN BURIED WITH MILITARY HONOURS.



IN THE TURKISH QUARTER OF NICOSIA: FIREMEN FIGHTING A BLAZE IN ONE OF THE GREEK-OWNED SHOPS IN THE AREA WHICH WERE SET ALIGHT.



IN A VILLAGE NEAR LARNACA: MEN OF THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT SEARCHING FOR HIDDEN ARMS AFTER A MIDNIGHT AMBUSH ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE.

## AFTER THE BRUTAL MURDERS OF TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS: SCENES IN CYPRUS.

At the beginning of August tension mounted sharply in Cyprus following the brutal murders of two British soldiers. On August 2 Sergeant R. G. Hammond, R.A.O.C., was shot in the back and killed while out shopping with his two-year-old son, and on the following day Lieut.-Colonel F. L. Collier, R.A.S.C., was murdered when he was shot from behind while working in his garden in Limassol. The Governor, Sir Hugh Foot, said that the crimes increased the authorities' resolve to defeat "the evil forces of malice and

cruelty." On August 4, a day of more violence in which six people were killed, Colonel Grivas (Dighenis), the leader of Eoka, announced that in response to Mr. Macmillan's appeal for peace, he had ordered an immediate suspension of all operations against the Turks and the British. Twelve hours after this truce declaration the Turkish Cypriot terrorist organisation T.M.T. ordered a cessation of violence. On August 7 Mr. Macmillan flew to Athens for talks about Cyprus with the Greek Prime Minister.



## SPORTS EVENTS: A NEW MILE RECORD; HUNTING, SHOOTING AND CRICKET.



THE END OF THE GREATEST MILE RACE OF ALL TIME, IN WHICH THE FIRST FOUR RUNNERS ALL BEAT THE EXISTING WORLD RECORD: ELLIOTT FINISHING 15 YARDS IN FRONT OF LINCOLN, OF AUSTRALIA, AT SANTRY STADIUM, DUBLIN.

H. J. Elliott, the twenty-year-old Australian runner, set up a new world record of 3 mins. 54.5 secs. for the mile in the greatest mile race of all time, which was run at Santry Stadium, Dublin, on August 6. Previously G. D. Ibbotson's mile in 3 mins. 57.2 secs. was the still unrattified world best performance, and the world record, held by John Landy, of Australia, was 3 mins. 58 secs. In the race at Dublin, Elliott finished 15 yards ahead of his fellow Australian, M. Lincoln, who was second. The first four runners, including R. Delany, Ireland; and M. G. Halberg, New Zealand, all beat the world record. Fifth, in 3 mins. 58.6 secs., was Thomas, Australia.

H. J. ELLIOTT (AUSTRALIA) AFTER SETTING UP A NEW WORLD RECORD OF 3 MINS. 54.5 SECS. FOR THE MILE.



AT BISLEY FOR THE MAYLEIGH .22 PISTOL EVENT: THE GREAT BRITAIN INTERNATIONAL TEAM. SEATED, EXTREME RIGHT, IS MR. NEAVE PARKER, WHO WON THE N.S.R.A. OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP WITH A RECORD SCORE.

The above photograph was taken at Bisley on August 4, when the Great Britain International Team was competing in the international '22 pistol Mayleigh event. Mr. Neave Parker, whose work as an artist is well known to our readers, also won the N.S.R.A. Open Championship, with a record score, at the eleventh annual '22 pistol meeting of the National Small-bore Rifle Association, held at Bisley on August 2, 3 and 4. Mr. Parker's score was 921 ex 1000, and this was in spite of one shot being disallowed. Results of the Mayleigh event were not available at the time of writing.



A STAG HUNT UNSPOILT BY A FALSE TRAIL: THE MEET OF THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS ON EXMOOR ON AUGUST 6.

When the Devon and Somerset Staghounds met at Cloutsham on Exmoor on August 6, there were doubts concerning the effect of a false trail laid previously by the League Against Cruel Sports. A stag was, however, found, although it escaped in the ensuing chase. Afterwards Colonel L. M. Murphy, Master of the Staghounds, said: "As far as I am concerned the chemical warfare was a complete flop," and added that the day's hunting had been perfectly normal. The League's tactics are to continue.



IN A CRICKET MATCH AT HIGHCLERE PARK, HAMPSHIRE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PLAYING A VIGOROUS STROKE TO LEG. THE MATCH WAS IN AID OF THE NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION. The Queen was among the spectators who watched a cricket match at Highclere Park, Hampshire, on August 6, between teams captained by the Duke of Edinburgh and Lord Porchester. The Duke took two wickets for 73 and contributed 33 runs—made in twenty-two minutes and including six boundaries—towards his team's victory.



THE QUEEN WATCHING AN AMUSING INCIDENT DURING THE CRICKET MATCH AT HIGHCLERE PARK.





AT THE TEMPORARY POLICE COLLEGE AT RYTON-ON-DUNSMORE, NEAR COVENTRY: A MARCH-PAST OF ALL RANKS AT THE COLLEGE.

## WHERE BRITISH POLICE—FROM HOME AND THE COMMONWEALTH—TRAIN FOR COLLEGE AT RYTON-ON-DUNSMORE.



EXHIBITING ALL KINDS OF OFFENSIVE WEAPONS CAPTURED BY THE POLICE IN THIS COUNTRY: THE INTERESTING AND INFORMATIVE MUSEUM.



DECORATED WITH OLD AND MODERN TRUNCHEONS: THE RECEPTION LOUNGE OF THE COLLEGE, WHICH HAS ABOUT 230 RESIDENT STUDENTS.



LOOKING AT A TRUNCHEON COLLECTION IN THE LOUNGE. CHIEF INSPECTOR M. JUAN, OF SARAWAK (LEFT), AND ASST. SUPT. M. H. NTUNE, OF NIGERIA.



FROM THE MUSEUM: A FIGURE DRESSED IN THE UNIFORM OF A LANCASHIRE CONSTABLE OF 1851 INTERESTS 1958 STUDENTS.



CHANGING CLASSES DURING THE MORNING BREAK: STUDENTS FROM COMMONWEALTH COUNTRIES, INCLUDING CYPRUS, HONG KONG, AUSTRALIA AND NIGERIA.

IN 1933 the late Lord Trenchard, then Commissioner of Police, started the Police College at Hendon to provide training to fit Metropolitan Police officers for the higher ranks. After the war a committee recommended the establishment of a Police College for the higher training of leaders to serve all the police forces of England and Wales, and the Commonwealth and Colonies. This College, situated at Ryton-on-Dunsmore, near Coventry, was opened in 1948 as a temporary college and, in May of this year, Mr. R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, laid the foundation-stone of the new Police College at Bramshill House, near Hartley Wintney, in Hampshire. When complete this new College will take the place of the one at Ryton-on-Dunsmore, where these photographs were taken. The temporary college has been doing valuable work in providing training for men of considerable service and experience in order to fit them for higher rank. The aim of the

## AND THE COMMONWEALTH—TRAIN FOR COLLEGE AT RYTON-ON-DUNSMORE.



A SCHOOL SYNDICATE BEING ADDRESSED BY CHIEF INSPECTOR T. BARNES, OF SOUTH SHIELDS. ON THE PLATFORM IS THE INSPECTOR OF THE POLICE TRAINING SCHOOL, CYPRUS POLICE.



IN THE DINING HALL: STUDENTS FROM HOME AND OVERSEAS HAVING SUPPER. ON THE WALLS ARE CRESTS OF ALL THE FORCES IN BRITAIN.



TAKING PART IN AN ARCHERY CONTEST: TWO WOMEN INSPECTORS FROM MALAYA WITH COLLEAGUES FROM SOMALILAND, LONDON AND AUSTRALIA.

courses which are held there is to broaden outlook, increase professional knowledge and to stimulate the interests of men who have reached, or are reaching, the middle and higher ranks of the service. The College takes about 230 resident students, most of them attend the junior course which takes six months, and is primarily intended for officers about to be promoted to the rank of inspector. The senior course, attended by officers of the middle ranks, lasts for three months. Since 1948 some 4000 students, including some 600 from overseas, have passed through the College, so that its influence is now felt in every force in England and Wales and throughout the Commonwealth. Students also come from such countries as Iraq, Nepal, Thailand and South Korea. The new buildings which are being added at Bramshill are expected to be finished by 1960, so the College at Ryton-on-Dunsmore is now nearing the end of its service to the police and community.



IN THE LIBRARY READING ROOM: STUDENTS FROM HONG KONG AND MALAYA STUDYING LAW BOOKS WITH THEIR COLLEAGUES FROM THIS COUNTRY.



CHIEF SUPT. H. V. D. HALLETT DIRECTING REHEARSALS FOR THE END-OF-TERM COMEDY "THE NAVAL VOLUNTEER."



ATTENDING A COURSE: POLICE-SERGEANT F. A. MALKIN, OF THE DORSET CONSTABULARY, STUDYING IN HIS "CABIN."



## THE UNSOLVED PROBLEMS OF QUMRAN.

"THE RIDDLE OF THE SCROLLS." By H. E. DEL MEDICO.\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THERE can be few people so unimaginative that their hearts do not beat a trifle faster when they hear of a discovery in a cave, whether that discovery be of manuscripts, paintings, or the bones of early man. It was so just ninety years ago when a sportsman in the Cantabrian Mountains saw his dog disappear into the ground in pursuit of a fox, and on following it discovered the cave-paintings at Altamira; and it was so in 1947 when a bedouin of the desert, while in search of a straying sheep, found some old rolls of leather which are now generally known as the Dead Sea Scrolls: in both cases support was surely forthcoming for those who maintain that the age of romance is by no means dead.

It is, however, in no romantic spirit that the author of this book has approached his task. Indeed, he expresses astonishment at the fact that "the discovery of caves with manuscripts near to the Dead Sea seems to have surprised the learned world," and he goes on to point out that "the exploration of caves by the Bedouin and the sale of Jewish antiquities found in them is a very old industry in Palestine." His own standpoint can best be described in his own words:

To a large extent, the problem of the Dead Sea manuscripts is what one wishes to make it. Because of reasons of finance for some, and of legal immunity for others, essential facts have been hidden or distorted. We have not been told the whole truth and nothing but the truth. On many points where it should have been possible to have certainty, we are reduced to conjecture, and even here the enquirer is often more hampered by affirmations which are open to question than by the absence of precise facts.

The whole book is, in effect, a plea for suspension of judgment until more facts are available, and for the withdrawal of suppositions which time and further examination have proved untenable.

In these circumstances it is hardly remarkable that Mr. Del Medico should have little sympathy with theories unsupported by the relevant evidence, and his main theme constitutes a plea against premature conclusions. In his opinion several years must elapse before it will be possible to assess the real importance of these manuscripts, and during this period it is more than likely that others will be brought to light: in short, a little diffidence would better become some of those who are so loudly proclaiming their views. We do not, for example, know how many rolls have been taken from the caves by clandestine diggers and are now in the hands of dealers or collectors; nor can we be certain that all the recovered fragments come from complete rolls. Moreover, for a long time there was talk of rolls covered with pitch or bitumen when it was in reality a matter of decomposed leather. There has been far too much leaping to conclusions.

Mr. Del Medico certainly cannot be accused of pushing his argument any further than is justified by the evidence. To him these Hebrew manuscripts cannot be earlier than the first century A.D. and he is convinced that the Dead Sea Scrolls "do not form a homogeneous whole, a library, but a heap of various writings and fragments which rabbinic authority consigned to a *geniza*, because it was necessary for some reason or other to withdraw them from circulation, and yet not destroy them, the Jews' bibliolatry forbidding the destruction of any writing in which the name of God occurred."

For the benefit of the uninitiated it may be mentioned that the word *geniza* acquired its present meaning at the beginning of the first century of the Christian Era, and it signified neither a depository nor a cemetery, but a secret hiding-place in which to preserve certain writings

which were not accepted as canonical in Palestine, although they might form part of the Greek Bible of Alexandria; such books as *Maccabees I and II*, *Ecclesiasticus*, etc., were included among them.

For all his restraint the author shows himself in these pages to be a doughty and formidable controversialist when he considers that the occasion demands it, and in the matter of the Essenes, their monastery, and their library he brings his full armoury of learning and Gallic wit into play. Up to now their existence has been generally admitted, even by scholars such as Daniel-Rops, though most authorities are careful to add that very little is known about them. Mr. Del Medico will have none of this. In his view there never were any Essenes. The name was invented by Philo, and their town near the Dead Sea, with its luxuriant vegetation, sprang from the imagination of Pliny the Elder. It follows that if there were no Essenes they cannot have hidden their precious books in the cave near where they are said to have had their monastery.

The skill with which the romance of the Essenes has been built up has probably never had its equal. . . .

monasticism at any time. It is well known that the Jewish religion considered celibacy, which was the basis of monasticism, a sin, and in the case of the cemetery near the caves Jewish necrophobia must be taken into account. In this connection it may be recalled that in the Parable of the Good Samaritan a priest and a Levite, on seeing at the side of the road a man

who appeared to be dead, had to make a detour so as to avoid the risk of defilement through contact with a corpse.

Such being the case it is very difficult to suppose that Jews could deliberately have chosen to live close to a vast cemetery. In any event, it must be remembered that Christian monasticism itself is of Egyptian origin, while it was not until 339, in the pontificate of Julius I, that the first monks made their appearance in Rome, and they came from Alexandria.

The book contains translations of the Dead Sea Scrolls themselves, for it is the texts which alone can tell their history, and the author's critical examination of the problems which they present is really by way of introduction. He pleads for a more objective approach than has always been made, and he wisely remarks that, even if "the theory of an Essene library is universally accepted, it must not be overlooked that scientific and historical truth is not established by a majority vote. An error, multiplied by no matter what factor, still remains an error. If an idea is obviously false, is it necessary to persist in it just because it has the approval of the crowds?" It is a pity that more historians and scientists do not remember this.

Mr. Del Medico tells us that these pages are for the general reader, rather than for the specialist, but he would be the last to expect universal agreement with his views. His theories, as will have been gathered, are original, even revolutionary, but they will repay the closest examination, and his present work represents French scholarship at its best; there can be no higher praise than that. Admittedly he is critical, but he is constructive in his criticism, and if his book is not the last word on the Dead Sea

Scrolls—it will be many years before that last word is written—it is at the present stage of the controversy quite invaluable.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 282 of this issue.

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. H. E. DEL MEDICO. Mr. H. E. Del Medico, a member of a very old Venetian family, was born in 1896 in Constantinople, and went to France in 1911 where he perfected his knowledge of Slav and Semitic languages. In 1932 he published his first studies of Byzantine Constantinople, and later a number of articles on the Ancient Orient. After World War II he lived for a time in Palestine and on his return to France published "*La Bible Cananéenne*" which he had found among the texts of Ras-Shamra.



A VIEW OF THE CLIFFS AND THE ENTRANCE TO QUMRAN CAVE I.

Illustrations from the book "*The Riddle of the Scrolls*," reproduced by courtesy of the publisher, Burke.

For some centuries Jews are supposed to have been camping at the side of a cemetery in a parched desert infested with vipers, scorpions, and centipedes, and as the very crown of asceticism they lived there with their wives and children whilst the monks went on calmly copying manuscripts in their *scriptorium* on locally produced leather, papyrus, or copper, with pens which they had cut from the reeds of the Dead Sea! . . . Regularly at fixed dates coins were strewn on the ground and never picked up, so that later on it would be possible to give precise dates to this curious community, remarkable for its thousands of dead!

There is much more in the same vein, and in the opinion of the author there was never anything near the cave save a cemetery and possibly a lodge for the grave-diggers; there was certainly no Essene monastery whose monks used the caves as a library. That is Mr. Del Medico's contention, and it is difficult to resist the conclusion that he has much ground for suspicion regarding the existence of Jewish



TWO OF THE JARS IN WHICH THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS WERE FOUND.

\* "*The Riddle of the Scrolls*," By H. E. Del Medico. Translated by H. Garner. Illustrated. (Burke; 25s.)





(Above.)  
STONEHENGE AFTER THE RESTORA-  
TION: AN AERIAL VIEW FROM THE  
SOUTH, SHOWING THE RE-ERECTED  
TRILITHON AND THE LINTEL OF  
THE OUTER CIRCLE, LEFT.

AS reported in our issue of July 19, the last major task in the Ministry of Works' restoration operation at Stonehenge was completed on July 9, when the lintel of the trilithon was set in place on the two already re-erected standing sarsens. In our two aerial photographs, the trilithon lintel can be identified from its whiteness, which is presumably the result of being protected from the weather since it fell in January 1797. The smaller group of three stones which also stands in the fenced segment is the other restored unit. In this case one of the standing

[Continued opposite.]



Continued.]  
stones and the lintel fell in a storm early in this century and the lintel broke in two halves. The fallen standing stone has been re-erected and the lintel, after repair, has been set in its place. As can be seen in the photographs, a metal mat was laid in the fenced segment to save the surface from heavy vehicles used in the operation. All that remains to be done now is clearing up and the general lowering of the whole ground-level by a few inches to something like the original ground-level of the monument.

Photographs by Aerofilms, Ltd.

(Left.)  
AN AERIAL CLOSE-UP OF STONEHENGE FROM THE NORTH. THE RE-ERECTED TRILITHON, AND LINTEL AND STANDING STONES OF THE OUTER CIRCLE ARE IN THE FENCED SEGMENT.

STONEHENGE'S NEW LOOK: AERIAL VIEWS OF THE GREAT MONUMENT AFTER THE RECENT RE-ERECTION OF FALLEN STONES.





SCEPTRE, THE BRITISH CHALLENGER IN THIS YEAR'S CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP—A TROPHY BRITAIN HAS BEEN TRYING TO WIN SINCE 1851.

Britain's international 12-metre challenger for the America's Cup, *Sceptre*, left this country on August 3 for the series of races which are to be held off Rhode Island in September. She was being carried across the Atlantic in S.S. *Asatani*. *Sceptre* was launched early in April and there is more than ordinary interest in the forthcoming challenge, because, since the beginning of the America's Cup races in 1851, Britain has never won the trophy. This year's contest will be the seventeenth in the series. One of the most noted

features of *Sceptre* is her smallness compared with *Endeavour II*, our challenger for the last race, in 1937. Recently, changes have been made in the rules for America's Cup races: yachts of a smaller minimum water-line length may now compete, and it is no longer necessary for competing yachts to be sailed across the Atlantic for the race. Although not so large as her predecessor, *Sceptre* is reported even so to have cost the Royal Yacht Squadron syndicate, who are organising the challenge, approximately £40,000. At the

time of writing, the American yacht which is to defend the trophy had not been selected from among the three new craft, the *Columbia*, *Weatherly* and *Easterner*, and the pre-war *Vim*. Although until now the present British contestants have had the advantage of starting trials and practice sooner than the Americans, the latter will undoubtedly benefit from the highly competitive trials they will be holding—under conditions identical to those of the Cup contest itself—for the selection of the defending yacht and crew. *Sceptre*

was to resume practice racing in the middle of August, when the American yacht *Glean* will be lent to the Royal Yacht Squadron syndicate as a pace-maker. The results of these trials will be of particular interest, since *Glean* has been frequently beaten when acting as "trial horse" to the potential American defender *Vim*. Since the drawing on this page was made there have been slight changes in the positions of the spinnaker and jib halliard winches. The designer of the British challenger was Mr. David Boyd.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, S.M.A.





## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THERE is something especially interesting—to me, at any rate—about any wild species of flower or plant which is the ancestor of some modern and popular garden

favourite. Among British wild flowers the stock, *Matthiola incana*, is an outstanding example. As a small prep-schoolboy I saw this stock growing and flowering on the chalk cliffs at Margate, and this opportunity very nearly cost me my life. No, I did not attempt to scale those cliffs to get at that rare, interesting and beautiful plant. It merely was that the sanitation—if any—at that school led to an outbreak of diphtheria. We were all bundled off home in a tremendous hurry, and about a dozen of us fell victims, I among them. Fortunately, mine was a mild case, and, fortunately, I overheard a whispered conversation between my mother and the trained nurse which put me wise to what was wrong with me—the fell disease of which a brother of mine had died only a year or two before. That caused me to allow doctor and nurse to do exactly what they pleased about it, and I took every medicine and co-operated at every examination and spraying, etc. I had no wish to die—and I didn't. To-day I somehow always associate the wild stock and the name "Margate" with diphtheria. And yet the association of ideas is always wholly pleasant.

It was not until a year or two ago, when staying with my daughter in the Isle of Wight, that I again met the wild stock—in the wild. On a steep scree of chalk rubble in what is known as the Military Road close to the sea just outside Freshwater, I came upon a vigorous colony of *Matthiola incana* in full flower, and, most fortunately, carrying a few pods of ripe seed, a little of which I harvested. This I sowed on the rubbly top of a stone wall in my Gloucestershire garden, where it flourished and flowered delightfully—and set more seed. Quite near it, I sowed seeds of the yellow horned poppy, which I collected at the same time, and in the same locality. This has grown and flowered, but in rather a stunted and grudging manner.

A couple of years ago I sowed seeds of this wild stock on the top of a stone wall in my daughter's garden, only a mile or two from the Military Road on which I had found the plant flowering, and to-day there is one specimen in particular which astonishes and delights me. It measures over 4 ft. through, and on one side, where its branches hang down the face of the wall, it measures nearly 5 ft. from top to bottom. It is now, at the time of writing in late July, covered with hundreds of long, narrow seed pods, not yet ripe. The plant must have been a grand sight, when in full

### THE BRITISH WILD STOCK.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

flower, and the scent was, I am told, quite intoxicating, especially in the evening. The colour of the flowers is the tone of purple—or is it mauve?—which is apt to crop up among cultivated garden stocks when they revert to the ancestral complexion.

This wild British stock is the ancestor, or one of the ancestors, of our modern races of garden stock, the Brompton, the Ten Week, and the rest. When grown in the right conditions—starved on a chalk cliff, or in crevices in or on an old wall, the wild stock is a perennial. The huge specimen on the wall in my daughter's garden has developed a hard, woody trunk a couple of inches in diameter, and looks capable of outliving all its present

generation of owners, and the same is relatively true of the various garden strains and races of stock. Start them on a wall or in rock crevices, especially on any chalk or lime formation, and they will live for ever and ever—almost. But grow the same plants in full garden soil and they grow soft and lush, without the woody trunks and wiry branches which are necessary to stand up to our winter hardships. The same may be said of wallflowers and antirrhinums. Both are cliff dwellers in nature, and nothing pleases them more than to find themselves colonising on some limy cliff or ancient crumbling wall. I have always felt that the line—

"The splendour falls  
on castle walls"

refers to the wallflowers and snapdragons which flourish there.

An experiment which I feel would be well worth trying (I really must do so myself) would be to grow a few wallflowers in a selection of the best colours as pot specimens in a soil composed largely of lumpy chalk or mortar rubble, and treat them as perennials. The same might be done with antirrhinums and stocks. Their soil compost should be not only austere, with a maximum of chalk or mortar rubble, but it should be packed iron hard and solid. The best way would probably be to pack the pots with soil, and then sow a pinch of seed in each, and later thin the young seedlings down to single specimens. In this way one should have hard-bitten, woody, wiry little perennial specimens, which might grow on year after year in the cold greenhouse, cold frame or Alpine house, which would assume a stunted, almost tree-like character, and become

aged family retainers. The most important matter in their cultivation would be to remove all seed pods at the earliest possible stage, and to keep them starved. They could be wintered under glass, and perhaps flowered there, too, and then stood out in the open air, in fullest sunshine, to ensure a thorough ripening and hardening of their trunks and stems. Such veteran plants would have great charm and character, quite different from the plump and snug prosperity which the same plants assume when bedded out, feather-bedded, one might almost say, in fat and rich garden soil. Not that I would say a word against the most sumptuous bedded wallflowers. The bigger and more colourful the flowers, the better I like them. But I like wallflowers when grown in starvation wall conditions equally well, though in a different way. In the same way there is a Canterbury bell of my acquaintance which has lived as a perennial in a crevice on a wall-top for three years.



STOCKS, SNAPDRAGONS AND WALLFLOWERS DELIGHT IN WALLS; BUT THIS *LILIUM REGALE*, GROWING IN AN OLD BRICK WALL AT SISSINGHURST CASTLE, IS A LITTLE SURPRISING. READERS MAY RECALL, MOREOVER, THAT MR. ELLIOTT SUCCESSFULLY GREW *GENTIANA FARRERI* IN A DRYSTONE WALL. (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

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THE gift of a subscription to *The Illustrated London News* is surely the ideal choice on the occasion of weddings and anniversaries of friends, relatives or business acquaintances at home or abroad. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will be a continuing reminder of the donor and provide twelve months of interesting reading and the best pictorial presentation of the events and personalities of the day. For readers in the United Kingdom the simplest way is to place orders with any bookstall manager or newsagent; or a cheque or postal order may be sent to our Subscription Department.

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## DEVELOPMENT *VERSUS* NATURAL BEAUTY; AND OTHER ITEMS.



THE FARM TRACTOR GOES UNDERGROUND: ONE OF FOUR FORDSON TRACTORS EMPLOYED IN A GYPSUM MINE IN STAFFORDSHIRE TO HAUL ROCK FROM THE FACE TO THE RAILHEAD. In the Fauld gypsum mine near Uttoxeter, the management have replaced rail-borne diesel locomotives with four Fordson *Major* diesel tractors and have found that they have thereby increased the efficiency of the mine and reduced labour costs.

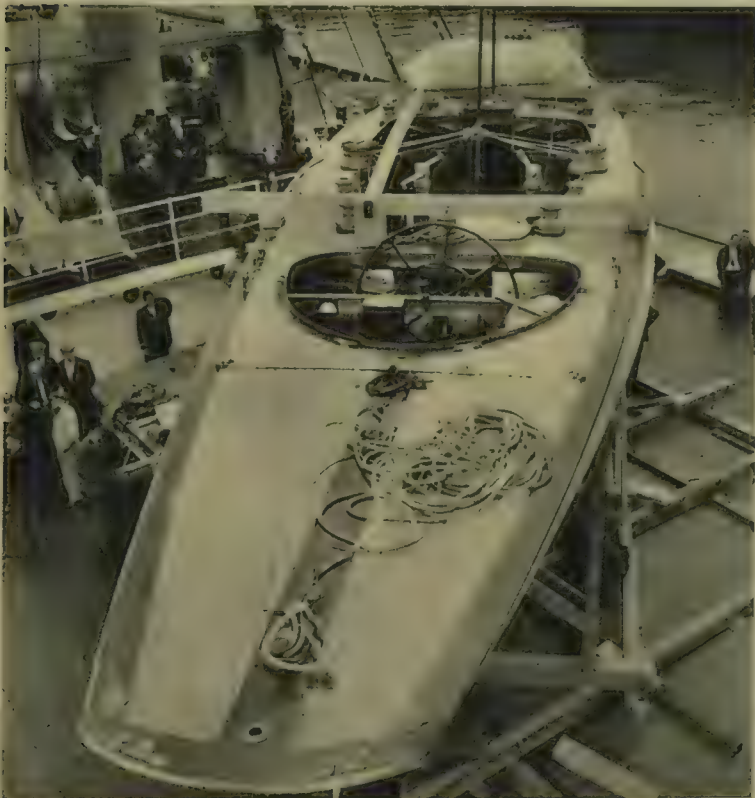


A MODEL OF THE VISUAL GLIDE PATH INDICATOR, A NEW DEVICE GIVING THE PILOT GUIDANCE ON WHERE TO TOUCH-DOWN IN POOR VISUAL CONDITIONS. This device, now operational at Blackbushe and shortly to be installed elsewhere, consists of four illuminated bars beside the runway. If all show red, the aircraft is too low; if all show white, it is too high; but if the nearer lights show white and the further red, the aircraft is correctly positioned for landing. This should cut out a lot of landing accidents.



"THE SPOILERS"—AN IMAGINATIVE BUT TRULY HISTORICAL PAINTING BY ALAN SORRELL, RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE BEECROFT GALLERY, SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.

This large painting (oil on canvas, 4 ft. by 8 ft.) has recently been presented by Mr. E. Cecil Jones, J.P., to the Beecroft Art Gallery. This gallery was presented to Southend by Mr. Walter Beecroft in 1953, together with a collection of pictures. Mr. Sorrell is perhaps better known to our readers for his many archaeological reconstruction drawings, but this painting springs from the feelings aroused in him by the destruction of natural beauty in the path of urban development.



LEAVING FOR THE U.S.: THE AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGER *SCEPTRE* BEING LOADED ON BOARD THE CUNARD CARGO LINER *ALSATIA* AT SOUTHAMPTON. The America's Cup challenger *Sceptre* (of which a drawing appears on pages 264 and 265) left Southampton for the United States on board the Cunard cargo liner *Alsatia* (7226 tons) on August 3. It took nearly three hours of skilful manoeuvring to get the 24-ton yacht, which is 70 ft. long, safely on board. The *Alsatia* was due in New York on August 12.



THE OPENING OF WEST BUCKLAND SCHOOL'S NEW £10,000 LABORATORIES: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR LEONARD ROGERS, A NINETY-YEAR-OLD EX-PUPIL, TURNING THE KEY.

West Buckland School, Devon, which is celebrating its centenary this year, invited a ninety-year-old ex-pupil, Major-General Sir Leonard Rogers, of Falmouth, to open its two new physics laboratories at a ceremony on July 26. Our photograph shows Sir Leonard turning the key in the door; behind him are Mr. M. K. Cassels, secretary of the centenary fund; Mr. L. W. Stephens, headmaster of the school; Brigadier M. R. Roberts, president of the Old Boys' Association; H. Sturzaker, the head boy, and Colonel W. C. Wheeler, chairman of the Governors.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

### EARLY ENGRAVINGS.

one can be sure that, all those years ago, it was considered as of some consequence.

In one or two cases a particular print must have come into their hands very near the time of execution. There is an engraving of the young Louis XIV of 1660 which Pierre II acquired in that same year; the Rembrandt etching of Christ cleansing the Temple of 1635 came to him in 1672, only three years after the artist's death; it is tempting to assume that it reached him straight from Rembrandt's estate. Another engraving which must have come fresh from the artist's hands is the fine portrait of Alexander de Sève, by Robert Nanteuil (Fig. 1). Nanteuil engraved it in 1662, and Mariette's date on the back is the same year. This, as in the case of other Nanteuil oval portraits, shows French line engraving of the seventeenth century at its best and liveliest; the style is formal without being pedestrian. There is nothing perfunctory about this performance and it is more than just a copy of a painting. The artist himself is at pains to emphasise the point, for in the lower left-hand corner he writes "*Nanteuil ad vivum Ping et Sculpebat*," in neat lapidary Latin—Nanteuil painted and engraved this from the life. I find this touch of proper pride very attractive. One meets it but rarely, though I have just remembered that Hogarth placed a similar inscription beneath the etching of himself and his dog *Trump*—"Se ipse pinxit et sculpsit 1749"; the dog and his master guard my front door and I have just checked up.

It occurred to me as I browsed among the fifty-four prints (whose prices, by the way, range from three guineas to seven hundred) that in these days we become so accustomed to seeing scumbles of paint thrown brutally on the canvas or to drawings done in a hurry, that we are in danger of losing the habit of looking at

anything with real attention; the more careless we ourselves are the less have we any right to complain when painters and engravers grow slipshod. It is not only the practitioners of the arts, but their public which can benefit by studying the ancient disciplines imposed upon themselves by such men as Dürer as he steps out from mediæval twilight into the world of to-day in the tender and beautifully composed line engraving of the Madonna and Child with the Monkey, of about the year 1498 (Fig. 2). One can recognise its precision, the enormous talent which went to its making, readily enough—and fail to remember the years of hard labour which lie behind it and behind the better known later engravings such as *The Dream*, of 1500, (Mariette's impression here reached him in 1666), and *The Knight, Death and the Devil* of 1513. (This impression was acquired by Pierre Mariette I in 1642.) There is that delightful domestic print by van Meckenem, who died in 1503, which shows a man playing a small table organ while a woman blows it with two pairs of bellows, and two fine engravings by Martin Schongauer (died 1491).

After that—or, rather, after Dürer's death in 1528—one has to wait rather more than a century before anything of equal quality is produced. One can never explain these things; why it was that the gap was so great between Dürer and Rembrandt in this field of engraving, or why it was that the latter still stands out as the greatest of all etchers. Once again, thanks to this exhibition, one has the opportunity of taking stock of one's ideas, and these two astonishing characters, so different in temperament, seem to tower above everyone else, competent though the lesser people are. Compare two of the plates by Rembrandt's pupil, Ferdinand Bol, with any of the several by his master—notably the *Dr. Faustus* of 1652, or with *The Three Cottages* of 1650—and you will be left in no doubt.

Among the less well-known engravers Nicolas de Bruyn (1571-1656) must be mentioned specially because of his large and highly-decorative print of Naaman, C.-in-C. of the King of Syria's Army, bathing in the Jordan to cure his leprosy—a most delightful fantasy, the bather watched respectfully by his staff, mounted and unmounted, the Jordan even more richly wooded and glamorous than the Rhine. A sidelight upon our own Thomas Bewick is provided by a Dürer woodcut of 1510—*The Angel appearing to Joachim*. This has Bewick's name upon it, and it is not without interest to realise that our most distinguished book-illustrator of the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth probably had this identical print hanging up in his workshop as he made the woodcuts for "*British Birds*."

Numerous other old collections, apart from that of the Mariette family, have been drawn upon to provide the various items in the exhibition; it is always agreeable to trace a work of art back a long way and to know who treasured it before your time.



AN exhibition of engravings at Colnaghi's, none of them later than the seventeenth century, some of them woodcuts, some etchings, some line engravings, besides providing an opportunity to study fine early impressions of famous prints by such masters as Dürer and Rembrandt, has also a minor interest, which, none the less, has a bearing on the quality of the exhibition. All the prints



FIG. 1. AN EXAMPLE OF "FRENCH LINE ENGRAVING OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY AT ITS BEST AND LIVELIEST": ALEXANDER DE SEVE, BY ROBERT NANTEUIL—ONE OF THE ENGRAVINGS FROM THE CURRENT EXHIBITION AT COLNAGHI'S, WHICH ARE DISCUSSED BY FRANK DAVIS. THE EXHIBITION CLOSES ON AUGUST 30.

can be traced back to various collections of the past and many of them to Pierre Mariette I and II, the family of French dealers and collectors of both prints and drawings, which, in the course of four generations, built up so fabulous an artistic inheritance. As to the drawings—no concern of this exhibition—it will be enough to note here that when the collection came on the market in 1775, 1300 of them were bought for the Louvre for the sum of 52,000 *livres*, and many more—and some of the finest—were scattered among the collections of Europe.

Pierre Mariette I and II seem to have been in the habit of marking the prints on the back and adding the date as they came into their possession, so that—given a lifetime of research—it would presumably be possible to form a fairly accurate estimate of the firm's dealings from year to year. The prints in this exhibition which belonged to the family bear various dates from 1642 to 1674, from which it can be deduced that some belonged to Pierre Mariette I, who died in 1657, the remainder to his son—also Pierre—who was born in 1634, lived until 1716, and was succeeded in the family business by his son Jean, in every way a worthy successor.

All this takes us back a long way in the history of collecting, and, indeed—if only as it were at second hand—to the two great English collectors of the first half of the seventeenth century, the Earl of Arundel (patron of Wenceslas Hollar) and Charles I, for Pierre Mariette II married the widow—and with her the stock and goodwill—of the great print-seller Langlois, who numbered both the King and the Earl among his many important clients. It follows that when one sees a print which belonged to either of the first two Pierres,



FIG. 2. "THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH THE MONKEY," BY ALBRECHT DÜRER—ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING ENGRAVINGS AT COLNAGHI'S.



# OXFORD'S APPEAL TARGET REACHED; RESTORATION IN TRINITY.



IN DURHAM QUADRANGLE, TRINITY COLLEGE: A DECAYED FACADE PHOTOGRAPHED IN AUGUST 1957, BEFORE REPAIR WORK BEGAN.



THE SAME FACADE IN DURHAM QUADRANGLE IN AUGUST THIS YEAR AFTER THE RESTORATION HAD BEEN CARRIED OUT.

On August 7 the Trustees of the Oxford Historic Buildings Appeal announced that they had succeeded in raising £1,750,000 for the repair of Oxford University and College buildings—the sum being the target which was set when the Appeal was launched only thirteen months ago. The Trustees wish to express their deep gratitude to all those who have helped to achieve this excellent result. The total includes three sums of approximately £400,000 which have been contributed respectively by some 250 commercial and industrial firms, by about 12,000 Oxford graduates at home and abroad, and by the Ford Foundation, which has made the largest single

contribution. A further £250,000 has been given by the Government, and contributions from a number of charitable organisations make up a similar total. In addition, the Oxford City Appeal has raised the sum of £16,000, and there has been a notable donation from the Pakistan Government. There has also been support from the general public. Restoration work is going on in twelve colleges, and has recently been begun on the Sheldonian Theatre. The Appeal Fund will remain open, as increasing costs of repair will absorb further contributions, and it is thus still possible for those who have not yet done so to make a donation.



# TREASURES OF BYZANTINE ART FROM MANY COUNTRIES: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL EXHIBITION.

By PROFESSOR D. TALBOT RICE.

Once out of nature I shall never take  
My bodily form from any natural thing,  
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make  
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling  
To keep a drowsy emperor awake:  
Or set upon a golden bough to sing  
To lords and ladies of Byzantium  
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

SO wrote Yeats, and he was obviously enthralled by his theme. But others have not always taken it so seriously, for Byzantine art was for long but little considered, and even to-day its true quality is not always realised: even less is the importance of the rôle that Byzantium played in the formation of western culture fully realised. The mass of it is not very easily accessible, for the large things are widely separated and the small ones scattered in numerous museums and treasuries. But this autumn Byzantine art will be more readily available, for an exhibition has been arranged which will open on August 22 as part of the Edinburgh International Festival; from Edinburgh it will, at the end of September, be transferred to the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London. Those who have been to the East Mediterranean world will have been able to see the monuments on a large scale, the buildings, and the great mosaics and wall paintings that constitute the most outstanding Byzantine contribution to art, as characteristic of the world that produced them as sculptures are characteristic of ancient Greece or easel paintings are typical of the Renaissance. But the so-called minor arts, the ivories, textiles, works in precious metals and even pottery were also of great significance. They were not mere "crafts," as such things have sometimes tended to be in the West, but rather "arts" in their own right, just as they were in China or Persia. And from the twelfth century onwards panel paintings and mosaics on a small scale,

twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries have been lent to the exhibition from the Soviet Union and from Yugoslavia. Some of the finest small-scale Byzantine paintings that have come down to us are indeed to be found in the U.S.S.R., and the loans from that country to the exhibition can not fail to excite the greatest interest among those concerned with the early history of European painting.



FIG. 1. "A FINE HEAD AND NO DOUBT A TRUTHFUL PORTRAIT, THOUGH IT IS TO BE CLASSED MORE AS A PIECE OF ROMAN THAN A PURELY BYZANTINE WORK."

This head of Constantine is from the collection of the Belgrade Museum, Yugoslavia. It was found at Nissa (modern Nish), which was Constantine's birthplace. It is of especial interest, since Constantine, as the founder of Constantinople, can be considered as the fountain-head of Byzantine culture.

It is not only in the sphere of painting, however, that the exhibition will excite interest, for works of all ages and of all types are included in it. Earliest among them, appropriately enough, is a head of the Emperor Constantine from the Belgrade Museum (Fig. 1). He it was who adopted Christianity as the official religion of the Roman Empire, and he it was who transferred its capital from Rome to the eastern fringe of Europe in the year 330, giving the name, Constantinople to the old city of Byzantium. A more abstract and formal character is to be seen in the ivories on which the portraits of not a few of Constantine's successors are depicted. These ivories belong to a well-known group, that of the Consular diptychs. They were issued in pairs by the Consuls on their appointment to office, in much the same way that wedding invitations are sent out to-day. Many of the Consuls afterwards became Emperors, Anastasius or Justinian for example. They are shown on the ivories, in severely frontal poses, watching games in the Hippodrome, or as half-length busts (Fig. 13).

The change to the new more formal style that we see here was not quite so marked in the silver work, and bowls and plates made as late as the seventh century are often very conservative; some examples showing subjects from classical mythology which are now in the Hermitage Museum at Leningrad may be cited (Figs. 12, 14, 16). Others, showing scenes from the life of David, from Cyprus and elsewhere, are classical in spirit, though the motifs that decorate them are new (Figs. 17 and 19).

Others again are more purely Byzantine, in that their decoration consists of crosses or similar formal motifs. Silver vessels of these types seem to have been made in large numbers, both for use at home and for export. Many were sent to Russia, probably in exchange for furs or similar luxury goods, and subsequently found their way into the tombs of nomad chieftains, where they survived till excavated in recent times. Often they bear stamps or "hall-marks" which give the names of the silversmiths who made them, or of court officials, as well as those of the emperors during whose reigns they were made. They are thus of particular interest, in that they can be definitely dated.

If these works in silver are often very conservative, the style of the great decorations in mosaic changed more rapidly, as compositions like those set by Justinian in San Vitale or St. Apollinare Nuovo at Ravenna serve to prove. Here naturalism has to a great extent been forsaken in favour of decorative pattern, and figures are treated for their rhythmic effect or the formal balance of composition, rather than for their humanism. But even so, the intense preoccupation with the spiritual and non-mundane which was to become the chief characteristic of Byzantine art in the ninth century is hardly apparent under Justinian. It needed the restrictions of art which were enforced under the Iconoclast Emperors between 726 and 843 to bring about the final fusion of naturalism and formalism, of the Classical and the Eastern elements, that produced Byzantine art in the truest sense of the term.

This fully-fledged Byzantine manner probably reached its apogee in the tenth and eleventh centuries. In any case, it was at that time that work on a small scale came to be endowed with a new and essentially intrinsic importance. The small things are characterised by an exquisite mastery of technique, and elegance of pose, and an other-worldly spirit unequalled in previous centuries. The ivories of the tenth and eleventh centuries perhaps show this mid-Byzantine art at its best (Figs. 5, 8 and 9). Not all the ivories are in the same style. Those of the "court school" proper were refined, elegant, delicate, but others are in a rather more expressive, less formal manner. A round plaque of green jasper in the Victoria and Albert Museum shows this (Fig. 10). The face is rounder and fuller, the effect more humanist, less abstract and rhythmical. This carving is again important in that it can be definitely dated, for the inscription upon it bears the name of the

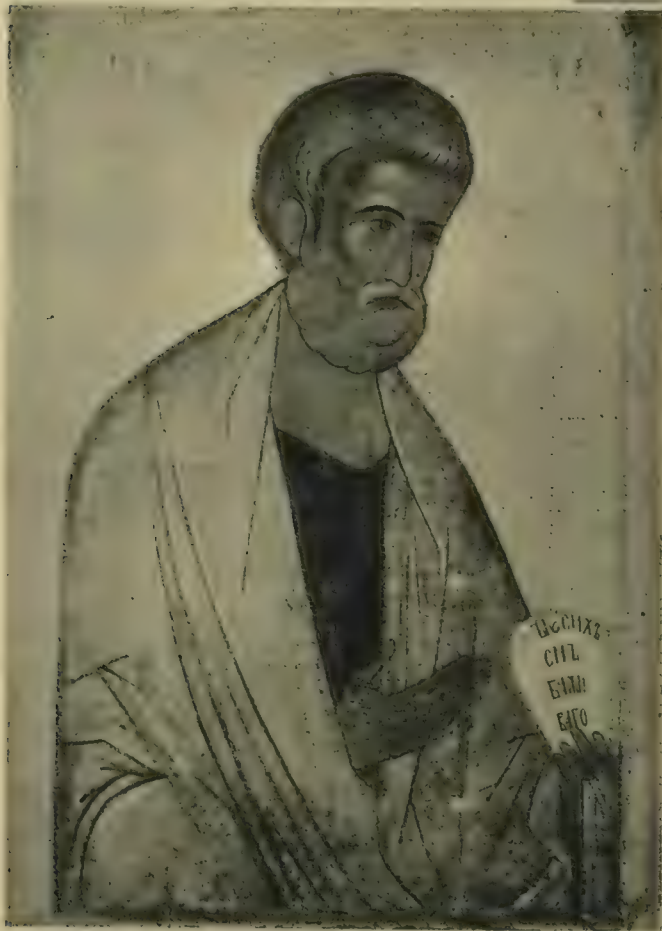


FIG. 2. THE ICON OF ST. PETER—FROM THE TRETYAKOV GALLERY, MOSCOW. SENT TO THE VISOTSKY MONASTERY FROM CONSTANTINOPLE BETWEEN 1387 AND 1395 AND PRESUMABLY PAINTED ABOUT THAT TIME.

where minute cubes are set in wax, also began to play an important rôle.

The small panels, or icons as they are usually called, are, of course, not always great works of art; amazingly large numbers of them were produced all over the Orthodox world from the fifteenth century onwards, and the majority of those that are readily accessible are of late date and often the work of mere artisans. But the earlier ones, and a few later ones, too, are often extremely fine, and a number dating from the



FIG. 3. ONE OF THE SUMPTUOUS MINIATURE MOSAICS, TYPICAL OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY: THIS SHOWS ST. THEODORE STRATELATES AND COMES FROM THE HERMITAGE MUSEUM AT LENINGRAD.

Emperor Nicephorus Botaniates, who reigned in Constantinople between 1078 and 1081.

In addition to the ivories, the age was productive of especially fine works in metal, enamel and similar precious materials. Indeed, it was at this time that some of the most superb treasures of all time were made. Travellers who visited Constantinople in the twelfth century speak of the mass and quality of these treasures with bated breath. Alas, but few of them have survived, for Constantinople, where most of them were housed,

[Continued opposite.



# ICONS, IVORIES AND RELIQUARIES: BYZANTINE ART AT EDINBURGH.



(Left)  
FIG. 4. ST. DEMETRIOS, IN THE STEATITE WHICH OFTEN REPLACED IVORY IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. THE METAL MOUNT IS LATER, PERHAPS FIFTEENTH CENTURY. (Marquis de Ganay, Paris.)

Continued.]  
was sacked, first by the Crusaders in 1204, and again by the Turks in 1453, and the rich stones and valuable metals of which these treasures were fabricated made them a ready prey. But at least in the first sack, by the  
(Continued below, left.)



FIG. 5. AN IVORY RELIGIOUS TRIPTYCH. IVORY WAS PARTICULARLY FAVOURED FOR THIS PURPOSE IN THE TENTH AND ELEVENTH CENTURIES. THIS EXAMPLE PROBABLY DATES FROM c. 950 A.D. (Palazzo Venezia, Rome.)



(Left, above.)  
FIG. 6. A FAMOUS ICON FROM RUSSIA: THE VIRGIN OF PIMEN. THIS MOVING WORK PROBABLY DATES FROM THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. (Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow.)

(Above.)  
FIG. 7. AN IVORY PLAQUE OF CHRIST IN THE ACT OF BENEDICTION, SET IN THE METAL BINDING OF A MANUSCRIPT VOLUME. (Bodleian Library, Oxford.)

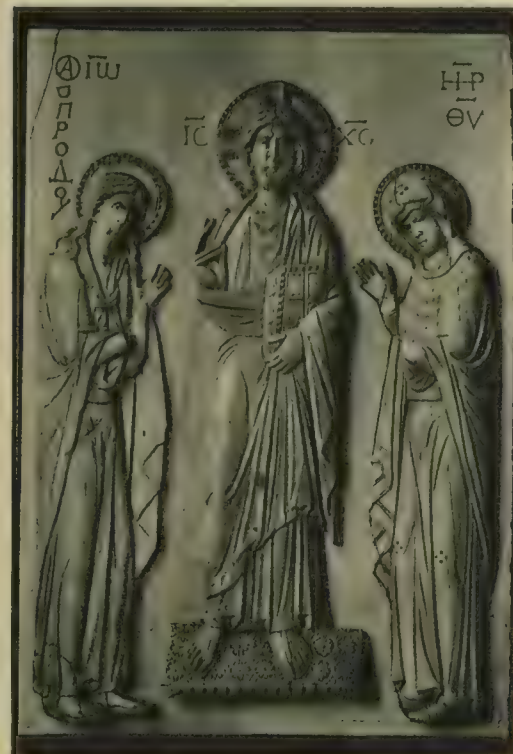


FIG. 8. AN IVORY PLAQUE OF THE DEESIS, IN A SEVERE AND AUSTERE STYLE. TENTH-ELEVENTH CENTURIES. (Bavarian National Museum, Munich.)

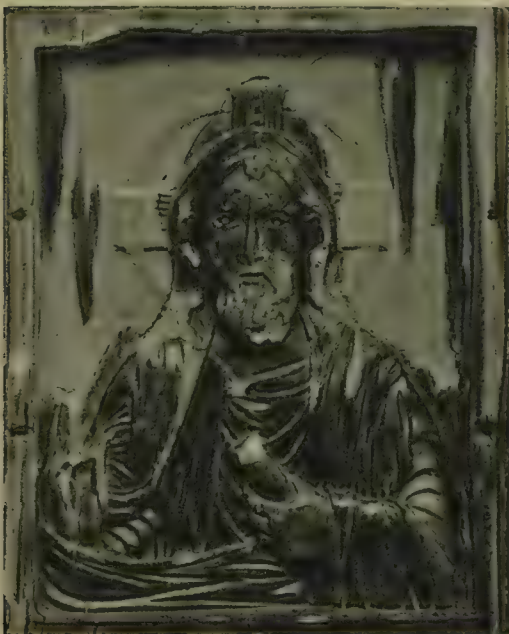


FIG. 9. AN IVORY PLAQUE OF CHRIST, WHICH CAN BE FAIRLY DEFINITELY DATED TO 944 B.C. OR A LITTLE EARLIER. (Victoria and Albert Museum, London.)

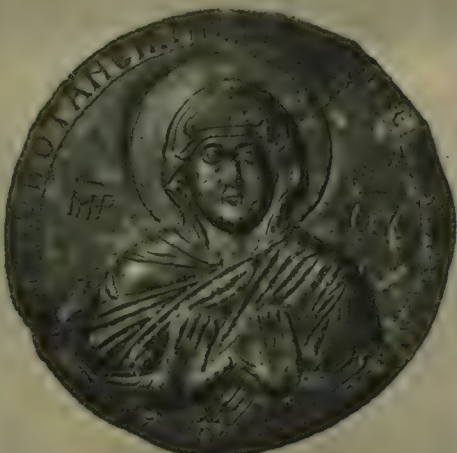


FIG. 10. QUITE DISTINCT IN STYLE FROM THE "COURT" SCHOOL: A VIRGIN IN GREEN PORPHYRY c. 1080 A.D. (Victoria and Albert Museum.)



FIG. 11. A RELIQUARY IN GOLD AND ENAMEL, WHICH SHOWS ON ONE SIDE THE VIRGIN IN CLOISONNE ENAMEL, AND ON THE OTHER THE ANNUNCIATION IN REPOUSSE WORK. (From the Treasury of Maastricht Cathedral, The Netherlands.)

Continued.]  
members of the fourth Crusade, a few things were taken home by the faithful and presented to cathedrals in the West, and it is in these treasures that they have been subsequently preserved. The treasury of St. Mark's at Venice alone contains in the region of a hundred examples of the Byzantine jewellers' art dating from between the tenth and the twelfth centuries. Pattens, chalices, book covers, reliquaries; all alike were made of the richest materials and adorned with superb enamels (Figs. 11 and 15). Though intrinsically of lesser value, the textiles of this age are no less superb. Indeed, some of the finest woven silks that the world has ever seen, like the grave cloth of Charlemagne at Aachen, or the great eagle stuff at Auxerre, were made in the Imperial workshops at Constantinople. These stuffs are well represented at the exhibition; a great cope from Metz Cathedral, which was perhaps woven in Sicily rather than at Constantinople, is the most spectacular (Fig. 22). After the sacking of Byzantium by the Crusaders in 1204 the Byzantine Emperors returned in 1261, and though the empire was sadly diminished in size and importance, the quality of artistic production did not decline. Gold and silver, precious stones  
(Continued overleaf.)



# FROM RUSSIA, CYPRUS AND MANY COUNTRIES: BYZANTINE MARVELS IN AN OUTSTANDING EXHIBITION.

(Continued.)

and enamels, perhaps became rarer; ivory was replaced to a great extent by steatite (Fig. 4), and new arts began to replace the old. Most important, from the "craft" point of view, were the miniature mosaics, where the superb technical skill of the setting is only surpassed by the delicate blending of the colours (Fig. 3). The compositions and general design of these is close to that of the wall mosaics, but perhaps more subtle. But it is the paintings that are perhaps the chief glory of the "Revival" period, and the frescoes now being uncovered in a side chapel of a little church at Constantinople, known as Kariye Camii, are of an excellence unsurpassed elsewhere in the world; they are of

[Continued below, centre

(Right, above.)

FIG. 15. A SUPERB RELIQUARY CROSS, WITH FOUR OF THE FIVE CLOISONNE ENAMELS SURVIVING. THE CROSS OPENS ON A HINGE AT THE TOP. ELEVENTH-TWELFTH CENTURIES (Museum of Fine Art, Moscow.)



FIG. 17. THE INVESTITURE OF DAVID, IN SILVER. ONE OF THE SERIES OF "DAVID" PLATES, ONCE THOUGHT TO BE SYRIAN. (Nicosia Museum, Cyprus.)



FIG. 20. AN IVORY DIPTYCH, SHOWING A LIVELY LION HUNT. (Hermitage Museum, Leningrad.)



FIG. 12. A SILVER DISH SHOWING SILENUS AND MENANDA, DATING FROM THE SEVENTH CENTURY. (Hermitage Museum, Leningrad.)



FIG. 13. A LEAF OF AN IVORY CONSULAR DIPTYCH, PROBABLY WESTERN. THESE DIPTYCHS WERE ISSUED BY CONSULS ON ASSUMING OFFICE. (Marquis de Ganay, Paris.)



FIG. 14. A SEVENTH-CENTURY SILVER DISH, SHOWING, PRESUMABLY, HERACLES, THESEUS AND HIPPOLYTE. (Hermitage Museum, Leningrad.)



FIG. 16. THE SILVER CONESTI AMPHORA. ALTHOUGH CLASSICAL IN STYLE IT MAY BE 7TH CENTURY. (Hermitage Museum, Leningrad.)



FIG. 18. AN ICON OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES: ONE OF THE MANY RUSSIAN LOANS TO THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL BYZANTINE EXHIBITION. (Museum of Fine Art, Moscow.)



FIG. 19. THE MARRIAGE OF DAVID, IN SILVER: ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE FAMOUS "DAVID" PLATES. SEE ALSO FIG. 17. (Nicosia Museum, Cyprus.)



FIG. 21. A SUMPTUOUS WORK OF FANCY: A FISH IN CRYSTAL, SOMEWHAT REMINISCENT OF THE CRYSTAL DUCK OF MYCENAE. (M. Armand Trampitsch, Paris.)



FIG. 22. THE SO-CALLED "MANTLE OF CHARLEMAGNE"—MADE FROM A 12TH-CENTURY TEXTILE, PERHAPS IN SICILY, SHOWING A SPREAD EAGLE. (Metz.)

(Continued.)

almost exactly the same date as those in Giotto's chapel at Padua. The paintings of this age show, on the one hand, a renewed appreciation of certain age-old traditions, which stem ultimately from classical art as we know it in the paintings of Pompeii. But they show as well the birth of a new, more humanistic, more lively spirit, which might well have led to developments not dissimilar from those we see in the fifteenth century in the west (Fig. 2). But the Turkish conquests of the mid-fifteenth century put an end to progress and most work done after that time remained essentially conservative. At times the late Greek artists were responsible for a strangely successful blend of the formalism of the Byzantine heritage and the decorative exuberance of the Baroque, which is attested by not a few icons done in Greece or in Venice in the sixteenth century.



## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE AND EVENTS IN THE NEWS.



**A LOSS TO BRITISH PUBLIC LIFE:**  
**THE LATE LORD BRACKEN.**  
Viscount Bracken, a vivid personality in the world of politics and finance, died on August 8 aged fifty-seven. As Mr. Brendan Bracken he entered Parliament in 1929, was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Winston Churchill from 1940-41; Minister of Information from 1941-45 and First Lord of the Admiralty in 1945. He was created a Viscount in 1951.



**HONOURED BY M.C.C.:**  
**SIR DONALD BRADMAN.**  
Sir Donald Bradman, the former Australian cricket captain, has been elected an honorary life member of M.C.C.—a high honour for an overseas cricketer—it was announced on August 6. The honour has previously been reserved for members of the Royal Family and famous statesmen. Sir Donald's election was made under a new rule.



**A TRANS-POLAR SUBMARINER:**  
**COMMANDER ANDERSON IN LONDON.**  
Commander W. R. Anderson, captain of the U.S. submarine *Nautilus*, which crossed the North Pole beneath the ice-cap, arrived in London on August 11. He was to rejoin *Nautilus* before her arrival at Portland, Dorset, where an award was to be made to the crew by the American Ambassador. Further photographs—some taken on this epic voyage—appear on page 249.



**A NOTED NOVELIST DIES:**  
**MR. LOUIS GOLDING.**  
Mr. Louis Golding, who made his name as a novelist at the age of thirty-six with his "Magnolia Street"—a saga of Jewish and Gentile life in his native Manchester—died in London aged sixty-two on August 9. He often contributed to periodicals, and was a noted lecturer and broadcaster. He fought in World War I and was educated at Oxford.



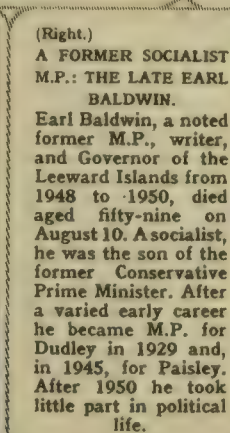
**S. AFRICAN POLITICS AND BUSINESS:**  
**THE LATE MR. F. C. STURROCK.**  
Mr. Frederick Claud Sturrock, who was Minister of Transport in General Smuts's Government from 1939 to 1948, died in Cape Town on August 4, aged seventy-six. Trained as an engineer he prospered in business. He served on numerous commissions and from 1929-50 sat in the Union Parliament as member for the Turffontein Division of Johannesburg.



**(Left.)**  
**A PROLIFIC COMPOSER: THE LATE MR. JOSEF HOLBROOKE.**  
Mr. Josef Holbrooke, who died in London on August 5, aged eighty, was a prolific composer throughout his life. He studied at the Royal Academy of Music, and first made his name with his symphonic poem "The Raven," in 1900. His later work included much chamber music, and he also wrote a wide variety of orchestral and operatic music.



**PUBLIC SCHOOLS LAWN TENNIS: THE MILL HILL SIDE AT WIMBLEDON WHERE THEY WON THE YOULL CUP FOR THE FIRST TIME.**  
Mill Hill won the Youll Cup for the first time when they beat Marlborough by three rubbers to two in the final of the public schools lawn tennis competition at Wimbledon on August 1. Above, left to right, are: M. H. Corby, T. D. Phillips (captain), P. R. Worrall and R. A. Hudgell.



**(Right.)**  
**A FORMER SOCIALIST M.P.: THE LATE EARL BALDWIN.**  
Earl Baldwin, a noted former M.P., writer, and Governor of the Leeward Islands from 1948 to 1950, died aged fifty-nine on August 10. A socialist, he was the son of the former Conservative Prime Minister. After a varied early career he became M.P. for Dudley in 1929 and, in 1945, for Paisley. After 1950 he took little part in political life.

**(Right.)**  
**A RECORD-BREAKING TWO MILES: A. G. THOMAS, AUSTRALIA.**  
At Santry Stadium, Dublin, on August 7, A. G. Thomas, of Australia, broke the world two miles record in a time of 8 mins. 32 secs. The previous record, set up by S. Iharos, Hungary, in 1955, was 8 mins. 33.4 secs. The great mile race at Dublin, illustrated on page 259, and in which Thomas competed, took place the day before.



**(Left.)**  
**AUTHOR AND PLAYWRIGHT: THE LATE MISS TENNYSON JESSE.**  
Miss F. Tennyson Jesse, the noted author and playwright, died aged sixty-nine on August 6. She was a great-niece of Lord Tennyson. She first studied painting, but later became a reporter and was a war correspondent in World War I. In the Second World War she wrote for the Ministry of Information.



**A NEW 440 YARDS WORLD RECORD:**  
**MISS M. E. HISCOX.**  
Miss M. E. Hiscox, who is a twenty-one-year-old clerk, set up a new world record of 55.6 secs. for the women's 440 yards in the British Games at the White City on August 2. The previous record was 56.1 secs. It was reportedly her first competitive attempt at the distance.



**AT A BANQUET IN TEHRAN: THE RULER OF KUWAIT; RIGHT CENTRE, WITH THE SHAH OF PERSIA, WHO IS SEEN LEFT CENTRE.**  
On August 3, during a recent visit to Persia, the Ruler of Kuwait, Sheikh Abdullah al-Salim al Sabah, was present at a banquet given by the Shah of Persia in Teheran. The Ruler of Kuwait controls important supplies of oil to Great Britain. On the same day, the two rulers held talks, and it was reported that they discussed the effects of Arab propaganda in the Persian Gulf area.



**PORTUGAL'S NEW PRESIDENT TAKES OFFICE: ADMIRAL TOMAS.**  
The investiture of Admiral Americo Tomas (elected President of the Portuguese Republic in succession to General Lopes on June 8) took place in the Portuguese National Assembly, Lisbon, on August 9. Admiral Tomas is the tenth President of the Republic.





THE QUEEN IN ANGLESEY: HER MAJESTY, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, RECEIVING A GREAT WELCOME DURING HER VISIT TO BEAUMARIS.



(Left.) AT BEAUMARIS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE DIMINUTIVE ASSIZE COURT WHICH DATES FROM 1614. WITH THEM IS THE REV. CANON E. G. WRIGHT, HON. SECRETARY OF THE ANGLESEY ANTI-QUARIAN SOCIETY, AND LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR RICHARD WILLIAMS-BULKELEY.

(Right.) DURING HER VISIT TO LLANGFNI COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL: THE QUEEN SIGNING A MEMENTO OF THE OCCASION IN THE FOYER WHILE THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKS ON.

## THE ROYAL VISIT TO ANGLESEY; AND WALES' WELCOME TO HER PRINCE.



CROSSING THE ANCIENT DRAWBRIDGE AT BEAUMARIS CASTLE: THE QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR RICHARD WILLIAMS-BULKELEY, LORD-LIEUTENANT OF ANGLESEY.



NIMBLY SIDE-STEPPING A WELSH COLLIE WHICH GAVE HIM A TOO BOISTEROUS WELCOME: THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH HIS PARENTS AND SISTER IN ANGLESEY.



WALES GREETES HER NEW PRINCE: A HAPPY SCENE TOWARDS THE END OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO ANGLESEY ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 9.

On August 9 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh paid an official visit to Anglesey. They went ashore from the Royal yacht *Briannia* in which they had left Southampton on August 7 for a twelve-day cruise off the West Coast of Scotland. After landing at Mackenzie Pier, Holyhead, the Queen and the Duke drove to Llangfni County Secondary School and then on to Beaumaris, where they visited the Assize Court and Edward I's castle. By a happy decision of the Queen's, Wales was able to greet its new Prince for the first time—not

during a public function, for her Majesty does not wish her children to attend any until they are older—but unofficially and with no advance announcement. The Prince of Wales and Princess Anne came ashore quietly from the Royal yacht and after driving through some of the remoter parts of the island joined the Queen and the Duke for luncheon with the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey at Plas Newydd. On the return drive the Prince of Wales accompanied the Queen and the Duke in the Royal car and received a tremendous welcome.



## COWES WEEK: SOME YACHTS TAKING PART AND A ROYAL VISITOR.



STRIVING TO GAIN THE LEAD: LEFT TO RIGHT, *BALLERINA*, *MISTRAL* AND *MARGO* IN A RACE AT COWES ON AUGUST 7.



A FASCINATING SCENE AT COWES: PART OF THE LARGE FLEET OF YACHTS, OF MANY DIFFERENT CLASSES, WHICH ASSEMBLED FOR THE WEEK OF RACING.

COWES WEEK opened on August 2 and drew to its close with the Regatta of the Royal Southern Yacht Club. The weather for the Regattas this year was, on the whole, kinder than during recent years. A notable event early in the week was the departure on board the liner *Alsatia* of the 12-metre yacht *Sceptre*, the British challenger for the America's Cup, and the chorus of hooting sent out by boats assembled for Cowes Week to wish good luck to the yacht as she passed. After rumours that he might not attend, the Duke of Edinburgh arrived, with the Prince of Wales, on August 4, leaving in *Britannia* on August 7. The Prince of Wales took an active interest in the sailing events and sailed in *Bluebottle* with his father. The Duke of Edinburgh's Flying Fifteen *Coweslip* had a good record, winning one race, coming second twice and third once. The Royal Dragon *Bluebottle* took a second and two thirds.



(Right.) HELPING PREPARE FOR THE DAY'S RACING: THE PRINCE OF WALES LENDS A HAND AT MR. UFFA FOX'S PRIVATE JETTY DURING COWES WEEK.



PASSING THE ROYAL YACHT: SOME OF THE SMALLER CLASS YACHTS RACING PAST *BRITANNIA* AT COWES ON AUGUST 6.



LENDING COLOUR TO THE SCENE: SOME STRIKING SAIL DESIGNS ON LARGER YACHTS DURING ONE OF THE WEEK'S RACES.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## BESIDE THE RIVER.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT had rained from time to time during the evening. The grass was soaking, and the trains and cloaks trailed, damp and heavy. Then, as the tragedy approached its end, a splinter of moon showed for a moment beneath a scurrying cloud, and glimmered over the spire of Shakespeare's church. The Avon, at the side of the garden, was very still. Upon the lawn torches flared, goutts of flame in the soft darkness, and, at the centre of their ring, Antony and Cleopatra sat enthroned in death, "as they were giving laws to half mankind," while a requiem was uttered above them:

Sleep, blest pair,  
Secure from human chance, long ages  
out,  
While all the storms of fate fly o'er your  
tomb;  
And fame to late posterity shall  
tell,  
No lovers lived so great, or died so  
well.

In its fashion, moving; but the lovers had died better in Shakespeare's tragedy. We were watching and listening to Dryden's "All For Love" staged by the O.U.D.S. in the new open-air theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon; and that is a play unable to escape the wrong kind of comparison. Although it is not just "sentimental melodrama," as one critic has described it, we cannot escape the feeling that Dryden was trying to show how much more accomplished he was than the "divine Shakespeare." His approach may seem to be modest enough; but we have to take a long, sad look at him after we have read (and heard) these lines for Antony:

Her galley down the silver Cydnus rowed,  
The tackling silk, the streamers waved  
with gold;  
The gentle winds were lodged in purple  
sails;  
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch  
were placed;  
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.

"No more; I would not hear it," says Dolabella; but Antony goes on:

Oh, you must!  
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,  
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,  
As if, secure of all beholders' hearts,  
Neglecting, she could take them: boys,  
like Cupids,  
Stood fanning, with their painted wings,  
the winds  
That played about her face.

All very well; but how much unlike art thou Mark Antony! (Or, for that matter, how much unlike Enobarbus!) But it is unfair always to call up the comparisons. Dryden's tragedy preserves the unities of time, place, and action. It confines itself to the last day in Antony's life. It has no superfluous characters. The business is poised, weighed, measured. Everything that the craft of a dramatist can do—when that dramatist works within certain precise limits—is conscientiously done. It is an achievement in its own way, and we have only to regret that, at any performance, we cannot shake from mind the knowledge that it lags so far after the undisciplined golden glory of its unexampled forerunner.

Now and again, too, Dryden suddenly frets the ear. "Leant her cheek upon her hand"; "The big round drops course one another down the furrows of his cheeks": we realise that, unconsciously, Dryden has been listening to Shakespeare in other plays. A laurelled ghost is watching us—and especially at Stratford, so near the churchyard of Holy Trinity. That said, "All For Love" is a good choice for production at this new festival. The three University companies of Oxford, Bristol, and Cambridge (the Marlowe Society) have been staging plays that stand, as it were, round the

Shakespearian drama. In "All For Love" we can see how another poet worked a famous vein. In Greenes' "James the Fourth" we meet a play that Shakespeare must have known when he wrote "A Midsummer Night's Dream." And Marlowe's "Edward the Second" is a tragedy that goes to the records with Shakespeare's "Richard the Second."

The theatre chosen for this three-week secondary festival could hardly be arranged with a better understanding between nature and art:



"THE THEATRE CHOSEN FOR THIS THREE-WEEK SECONDARY FESTIVAL COULD HARDLY BE ARRANGED WITH A BETTER UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN NATURE AND ART": THE UNIVERSITY OPEN AIR THEATRE AT AVONBANK GARDENS, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON.



STAGED BY THE O.U.D.S. IN THE NEW OPEN-AIR THEATRE AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON: DRYDEN'S "ALL FOR LOVE," SHOWING ANTONY (ROGER CROUCHER) AND CLEOPATRA (ANN JENKINS) IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WHICH WAS DIRECTED BY MR. NEVILL COGHILL.

a balustraded, tree-bowered, river-fringed lawn, with the amplest opportunities for a director's craft. One's only regret is the need to face the ravages of the present summer. Next year all may be well; but I do sigh for the players as I look from my window this morning upon another scene of dripping August desolation.

I have been to only one of the festival performances: the "All for Love" which Nevill Coghill directed for the O.U.D.S. He is a director of authority and imagination; though his cast was not particularly strong he made the best use of it, "deliberately working on rhetorical delivery and formal gesture and movement to give the play unity."

He ordered his open-air manoeuvres with ease, and he managed—the weather, for a moment, being with him—to bring Cleopatra's barge down the Avon, so that the Queen could land to crown Mark Antony. It was an agreeable picture, even though late evening sunlight might have helped it. The other scenes I think of are those between Antony (Roger Croucher) and Ventidius (Geoffrey Tetlow) early in the play—Dryden himself preferred this to "anything which I have written in this kind"—and the meeting between Cleopatra (Ann Jenkins) and Octavia (Barbara Scott). It reminds one of Lee's "Rival Queens" and can go very well in performance:

OCTAVIA: You have been his ruin.  
Who made him cheap at Rome, but  
Cleopatra?  
Who made him scorned abroad, but  
Cleopatra?  
At Actium, who betrayed him? Cleopatra.  
Who made his children orphans, and poor me  
A wretched widow? only Cleopatra.  
CLEOPATRA: Yet she, who loves him best,  
is Cleopatra.

After the formality of "All For Love" the brisk muddle of Robert Greene's "James the Fourth" came strangely. We are apt in these days to think of Greene only as the dramatist who giped at Shakespeare. I have always been grateful for the chance of hearing in performance two of the man's plays, "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" and "James the Fourth." The Marlowe Society chose the first as an after-piece to "Titus Andronicus" at Cambridge some years ago; and the Webber-Douglas players, under Ellen O'Malley, with Rodney Diak as the King, acted "James the Fourth" with a rich zest in their own Chanticleer Theatre nine years ago.

The play, romantic tragi-comedy with a pseudo-historical background, is wild make-believe written with a simplicity that pleases:

I with my needle, if I please, may blot  
The fairest rose within my cambric plot;  
God with a beck can change each worldly thing,  
The poor to rich, the beggar to the king.

There is a troop of fairies (Oberon is here before we meet him in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"); there is Ateukin, who might be a Vice of the old moralities; there is some madly garbled chronicling—James IV is James only in name—and the whole business has the dew and gold of a lost June day. How to describe it? Possibly in a phrase from Bohan, as Chorus: "... ruthless; yet, to beguile the time, 'Tis interlac'd with merriment and rhyme." It is both antic and romantic; it is just the kind of play for a late night at Stratford; and, again, some of its phrases may set the wild echoes flying.

So, finally, to the superb "Edward the Second," more familiar on our stage than the other plays: a tragedy, in the words of the prologue to "Faustus," that deals with "dalliance of love In courts of kings where state is overturn'd." I need say no more here except to recall the excitement of a night, two years ago, when Edward appeared before the walls of Ludlow Castle. Benson did the play at Stratford in 1905. Those who heard him in "But what are kings when regiment is gone, But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?" found that the words lingered on the next night, when Shakespeare's Richard yielded his crown: "God save King Henry, unking'd Richard says, And send him many years of sunshine days." None could miss the parallel between the sad stories of the deaths of kings. The Marlowe Society (true for once to its name) is doing "Edward" this week at Stratford. Writing before the event, I hope for the right kind of hushed, haunted night as the King goes to his end at Berkeley Castle:

I am too weak and feeble to resist—  
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.  
I remember now the torchlight on the  
stones of that other castle of Ludlow.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"EDWARD THE SECOND" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—The Marlowe Society of Cambridge performs the tragedy in the open air. (August 11.)

"THE UNEXPECTED GUEST" (Duchess).—Renee Asherson, Nigel Stock, and Violet Farebrother in a new play by Agatha Christie. (August 12.)



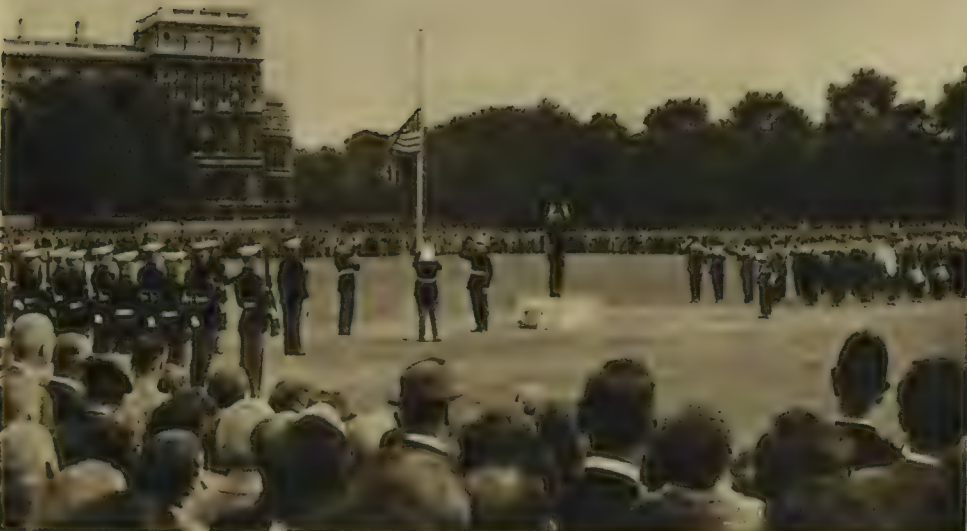
## FROM LAMBETH TO WHITEHALL: EVENTS MILITARY AND ECCLESIASTICAL.



THE FIRST MEETING OF THE NEW DEFENCE BOARD: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN RECENTLY AT THE MINISTRY OF DEFENCE.

The new Defence Board, details of which were published in a White Paper on July 15, met recently for the first time. In the photograph, from left to right, are: Sir R. Powell, Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir William Dickson, the Rt. Hon. George

Ward, the Earl of Selkirk, the Rt. Hon. Duncan Sandys, the Rt. Hon. Christopher Soames, the Rt. Hon. Aubrey Jones, Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Dermot Boyle, and Sir Frederick Brundrett.



AN UNUSUAL SIGHT ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE: A U.S.A.F. BAND, WITH A U.S. MARINE DETACHMENT, BEATING THE RETREAT.



THE SCENE ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE RECENTLY, WHEN A U.S.A.F. BAND GAVE A DISPLAY OF ENTERTAINING PRECISION DRILL.

Horse Guards Parade was the scene of a lighthearted performance of precision drill by a United States Air Force Band on August 7. The demonstration included jazz and other light music. The band also beat the retreat, and later performed at the Searchlight Tattoo.



THE RESTORATION OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY: A VIEW SHOWING NEW ROOFING, LEFT; TEMPORARY COVERING, CENTRE, AND OLD ROOFING, RIGHT. Work is continuing on the restoration of Westminster Abbey. A restoration appeal for £1,000,000 was made in 1953, and since then it has been discovered that damage is more serious than was first thought.



IN THE CHAPEL OF LAMBETH PALACE: A CEREMONY AT WHICH THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY CONFERRED DOCTORATES OF DIVINITY ON FOUR ANGLICAN PRIMATES. In the above photograph are seen the Archbishop of Canterbury (right) and, kneeling, l. to r., the Most Rev. A. N. Mukerjee, the Most Rev. M. H. Yashiro, the Most Rev. W. F. Barfoot and the Right Rev. H. K. Sherrill during the conferring of the degrees at Lambeth on August 7.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



PELICANS are too well known to need detailed description. The half-score of species distributed over the warmer parts of the globe differ only in the smaller details of size, colour and geographical range. They all have massive bodies supported on short legs, long necks and small heads, and a thick, harsh plumage. The most conspicuous feature, and the one by which the

### NOTES ON PELICANS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

are performing the same operation, it is easy to see how Bartholomew's version could have arisen. It has been suggested also that the red tip on the mandible of the common pelican might have made the story more plausible.

When we come to the more factual biology there are aspects no less puzzling. The pelican has often been described as a clumsy bird, a statement no more justified than it would be to speak of a duck or a swan as clumsy merely because they walk on land with a waddle, and because the body is heavily built. Even if they are clumsy on land, all the film shots I have seen of pelicans flying suggest that in the air they are strong and graceful flyers, and they are certainly no less graceful in

shallows where they are more easily captured. The main point is, however, that their food is taken from the water, their means of livelihood is in the water, and everything about them suggests adaptation to an aquatic mode of living, yet they are not only graceful flyers but skilful also, and they seem to have, and use, quite unnecessary powers of flight. Their speed may not be so great as that of many other birds, a mere 26 miles per hour, but as there is an authentic record of their having maintained this speed for eight miles, it seems possible that they also have the quality of endurance in flight. Many birds credited with higher speeds use these only in short bursts. There is also no guarantee that the 26 miles per hour is the most the pelicans can do, and there is at least one record of the common pelican having achieved 51 miles per hour. And pelicans have been seen flying at a height of 8000 ft.

Another striking feature of these "clumsy" birds is their longevity. The accepted record is fifty-two years, but there are less well-authenticated accounts of the birds living to a greater age. The Emperor Maximilian is said to have had a pelican that lived to the age of more than eighty years, and which always accompanied his troops when they were on the march. This capacity for living long may be the consequence of regularity in habits, for the pelican is said to feed and rest with remarkable regularity, but another cause may be that it does not over-eat. In spite of its bulky size and the enormous capacity of its throat pouch, and the suggestion by some writers

that it is greedy, the only pelicans for which we have reliable figures, one kept in the zoo at San Diego and the other at New York, suggest moderation in feeding. The body-weights of these two were 14 and 15 lb. respectively, and the weight of food taken each week was, on the average, 16 lb. in both cases. Everything considered this is not high and certainly does not support the suggestions of gluttony found in so many accounts of the bird.

Experiments with white rats have shown fairly conclusively that those individuals kept on a restricted diet, and especially those that have been compelled to fast at regular intervals, have responded with a noticeably longer span of life. It may be, therefore, that the capacity of some animals to live long, while partly hereditary, may also be dependent upon other factors, including the type of appetite.

Another remarkable feature of the pelican is the small size of the brain compared with the weight of the body. The significance of this is not immediately apparent, but it may also be correlated with a long life-span. The longest-lived animals we know are tortoises, and their records are rivalled by other cold-blooded animals, while, by comparison, the warm-blooded animals are left well behind in the race for longevity. There may be

nothing at all in the idea of such a correlation, but the facts remain that, reckoned in grammes per 100 grammes of body-weight, the known weights of brain in reptiles range from 0.007 to 0.95, and in birds from 0.03 (ostrich) to 4.72 (canary), with the pelican having no more than 0.54. Unfortunately, we have no such data for parrots, which are probably the longest-lived birds.



SHOWING THE ENORMOUS BILL WITH THE TYPICAL CLAW AT THE END OF THE UPPER MANDIBLE: THE BROWN PELICAN OF AMERICA AT REST. THE POUCH, FAMILIARLY ASSOCIATED WITH PELICANS, IS FAIRLY INCONSPICUOUS EXCEPT WHEN IT IS FILLED WITH FOOD.

bird is always remembered, is the enormous beak, the upper part flattened and the lower part carrying a pouch that can be distended to grotesque proportions, the whole looking, as it is usually described, like a "fishing net with a lid."

The principal myth concerning the pelican is that the parent bird, if unable to find food for her brood, pierced her breast with the tip of her bill and fed the youngsters on her own blood, and that is how the bird is figured in the earliest pictures of it. It was because of this belief that the pelican was chosen as an emblem of charity and became "a favourite heraldic emblazonment." According to some writers, this myth was not derived from classical authority but in all probability owes its origin to the passages referring to the pelican in the Scriptures, and to the notes of the commentators on it. Harting, in his "Ornithology of Shakespeare" (1871), quotes the opinion of a Mr. Bartlett, Superintendent at the London Zoo, who had, according to that author, an almost unrivalled practical knowledge of animals. Bartlett was of the opinion that the word "pelican" in the English translation of the Bible should have been "flamingo," because, according to his own personal observation, the flamingo secretes a red fluid which "it mixes with its food for its young, in the same way as does a pigeon and that this may have given rise to the idea of the bird feeding her young with her own blood."

There is a different version in Bartholomew (1535), for according to him, when the young pelicans are grown they smite the parents in the face, whereupon the mother retaliates, hits them back and kills them. Then, on the third day, the mother smites herself in the side until the blood runs out on to the bodies of her youngsters and by virtue of the blood the birds that were dead come to life again. This story might easily arise from the pelican's method of feeding its young, which could more easily have given rise to the myth. The food is almost exclusively fish and in feeding the brood the parent presses the bill against the neck and breast in order to make the contents of the pouch more readily available to the young who thrust their bills into the pouch to take the food. I have never seen a pelican feeding its young, but if it involves anything like the struggling that goes on when other birds



AUSTRALIAN PELICANS PREENING. THE ATTITUDE OF THE BIRD IN THE FOREGROUND IS CLOSE TO THAT FIGURED IN CONNECTION WITH THE MYTH OF THE PARENT BIRD STABBING ITS OWN BREAST WITH ITS BILL TO FEED ITS YOUNGSTERS ON ITS BLOOD.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

the water. Returning to their performances in the air, it is something of a contradiction that they should be so good. Pelicans feed on fish caught mainly by diving, and any other food they may take is from the water. They will sometimes combine to fish by other methods, when a number of them form a single, double or even triple line across a sheet of water, reaching from bank to bank, and drive the fish towards the





NIBBLING A BANANA: THIS BABY SOUTH AMERICAN TREE PORCUPINE (*COENDOU PREHENSILIS*) IS APPARENTLY UNDISTURBED BY THE CAMERA.



COVERED WITH RED FUR BUT WITH TINY QUILLS JUST SHOWING: THE BABY PORCUPINE EXPLORING ITS SURROUNDINGS UNDER MOTHER'S EYE.



WITH HIS UNEXPECTED ACQUISITION: MR. GEORG HEPPENHEIMER, WHO BOUGHT A TREE PORCUPINE AND FOUND THIS BABY, TOO, WHEN HE OPENED THE BOX.

The owner of the two porcupines shown on this page says that it is the first time that they have been photographed in Europe. They are South American Tree Porcupines (*Coendou prehensilis*), the only porcupines with a prehensile tail. They are found from Mexico to Southern Brazil, but they are difficult to keep and rear in captivity. The fully-grown animals measure over 3 ft., the tail alone being about 18 ins. long. Their quills are about 5 ins. long, with tiny hooks at the end, and are attached so loosely to the skin that they

## BORN IN A BOX *EN ROUTE* TO MUNICH: A BABY SOUTH AMERICAN TREE PORCUPINE.



MOTHER AND CHILD ARE DOING WELL: THE BABY PORCUPINE, WHICH WAS BORN IN A TRAVELLING BOX, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH ITS MOTHER IN MUNICH:



THE ONLY PORCUPINE WITH A PREHENSILE TAIL: THE ADULT SOUTH AMERICAN TREE PORCUPINE, WHICH HAS A THICKLY-SPINED COAT.

stick into an enemy at the slightest touch. Mr. Georg Heppenheimer, of Munich, has a private zoo and exhibits his animals at fairs in the summer, and in winter shows them, and lectures about them, in schools. He bought a South American Tree Porcupine from a dealer, and when he opened their travelling box found, to his surprise, that his acquisition had become a mother during the journey. Both animals quickly grew used to their new surroundings and the baby was weaned after a week and fed on bananas.



## DO YOU KNOW WHAT A MARSH BUGGY IS?

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MARSH BUGGY AND AIR-BOAT USED BY OIL PROSPECTORS IN IRAQ'S SOUTHERN MARSHES.



THE AIR-BOAT, WHICH HAS A 100-HORSE-POWER AIRCRAFT ENGINE AND PROPELLER, TRAVELLING PAST A DINGHY IN A SWAMP WATERWAY.



RESEMBLING A STEAM-ROLLER-CUM-PADDLE-STEAMER: THE AMPHIBIOUS MARSH BUGGY, WHICH CAN CARRY TWENTY MEN.

The primitive existence which has been going on for centuries in vast, marshy parts of southern Iraq has recently been rudely interrupted by an expedition searching for oil. The technical paraphernalia which the expedition brought into this difficult country (and some of which were illustrated in our issue of August 2) include the *Marsh Buggy* and *Air-boat*. The former is powered by a 150-horse-power engine and can carry up to twenty men. Its large paddled wheels enable it to move through the water at six miles an hour,

although it can go twice as fast on land. Very much noisier and very much faster is the *Air-boat*, which is driven by a 100-horse-power aircraft engine and propeller. To the ancient marsh sounds—wind whistling in the reeds, the splash of canoe paddle and water buffalo and the nocturnal frog chorus—there is thus added a striking, and sometimes raucous, accompaniment. The roar of engines is interspersed with geophysical test explosions and modern music from the expedition's radios. The members of the expedition are

Photographs by the *Ira*

THE 150-HORSE-POWER MARSH BUGGY CHURNING ITS WAY THROUGH THE MARSH WATERS, WITH MEMBERS OF THE PROSPECTING EXPEDITION ON BOARD.



THE MARSH BUGGY WALLOWING THROUGH A DIFFICULT PIECE OF MARSHLAND, WITH TWO WHEELS IN WATER AND TWO IN THE MUD.

housed in a floating camp of houseboats. In this tiny water-borne habitation life is made more comfortable by some of the amenities of modern civilisation. Some of the barges are fitted with air-conditioned sleeping accommodation, there is a hot-and-cold shower-bath, and a kitchen with an electric cooker and refrigerator. The electric power is supplied by generators in a separate barge. There are even film shows to be seen. But life is by no means without its disadvantages. Conditions on the barges are cramped;

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in the summer it is hot and sticky, and in the winter, cold and damp. Besides swarms of flies, mosquitoes, midges and other insects, the local wild life also includes water rats, snakes and wild boar. The wild boar are dangerous if disturbed during the mating season, and are among the biggest of their kind in the world, often claiming the lives of the native marsh-dwellers. A further discomfort is the "rock and roll" of the barges, which becomes very tiresome after a number of weeks.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

SUGGESTIONS that we have here, perhaps, a great novel are disturbing to the judgment, and actually not much to the point; either way, the reader will get out of it what he does. I would rather skip the question whether "Two Women," by Alberto Moravia (Secker and Warburg; 18s.), is "the greatest to be produced by World War II," or great at all. It is broad, original, strongly impressive, possibly the author's best yet; which is surely enough to be going on with.

The "two women" of the English title are in reality one and an appendage; it is Cesira, the narrator, who fills the stage. She was a mountain peasant girl, and was married off to an elderly Roman grocer at sixteen. More than joyfully. For she had her things: the flat, the shop, and then an angelic daughter, like a dear little sheep. Those were the whole world; and for twenty years there was no fly in her ointment but the old man. Still, she did her duty, and nursed him "lovingly" to the welcome end; for Cesira, though a cast-iron egoist, is right-living. But as her probity doesn't exclude the black market, she was never happier than in the years 1940-43. The war itself is a blank—let them get on with it. But, at the same time, "Pray God it may go on another couple of years. . . ."

Only it goes too far. By September 1943 it is affecting her and Rosetta, in the form of scarcity and air raids; and she decides with anguish that they had better move out. There will be plenty to eat in her old village. . . . Only instead, they land on a strip of mountain overlooking the bombed town of Fondi, in a clutter of backward peasants and local evacuees; and there they perch for nine months, expecting the English day by day. And Cesira learns the war. What it can do, and how people react to it: what Germans are like: what Americans are like: what liberation is like. She learns deeply; for up on the mountain, and in company with young Michele, the anti-Fascist, her mind has opened to large horizons, to intense experience, and an insight no less delicate than hard-headed. Meanwhile, dear little Rosetta is her old self. Till the hour of victory—when she is raped by Moroccan soldiers, and turns into "an apathetic, mindless whore." This lightning change, and her even hastier recovery (if she does recover), seemed rather questionable. And finally, what do we deduce—that Cesira surmounted the war after all, or that it was wasted on her after all? I thought the latter, and took her last paragraph as unconscious irony. Yet, then, she couldn't have written this book. But, then, she *couldn't*, of course. . . . Questionable: but majestic.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Mackerel Plaza," by Peter de Vries (Gollancz; 15s.), is a delicious oddity: the self-described ordeal of Andrew Mackerel, incumbent of "the first split-level church in America." The People's Liberal, of Mobile Bay, Avalon, Connecticut, is designed for the whole man. It includes even a "small worship area," with a pulpit "set on four legs of four delicately differing fruitwoods, to symbolise the four Gospels, and their failure to harmonise." Almost worse than the religiosity of church members is their cult of Mackerel's late wife. Andrew yearns to marry again; he has a girl precariously lined up; but whenever something might come of it, they are stymied by some fresh tribute to the departed. And back they go to clandestine wooing—in the lowest dives, because he "has to keep up appearances." This ordeal culminates in suspension by his flock, on a charge of mental instability and/or wife-murder. And to conclude, he loses his faith, when a "community rain dance" is rewarded by a miracle. There is a happy ending, for all that. And Mr. de Vries is no vulgar humorist.

"Centenary at Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche (Macmillan; 15s.), seems to be Whiteoak, Volume 15; and though I can't write of the saga as an expert, it is going strong. Here we have two major events. First, Renny thinks up a match between his daughter Adeline and her cousin Philip, because they resemble their great-grandparents: and puts it through, though they have no interest in each other. And secondly, Finch's changeling boy is possessed with jealousy of his stepmother, and hounds her to death. Finch's attitude to his son being equally monstrous, and almost incredibly obtuse. They are a queer lot, the Whiteoaks; but this has probably kept them green. If they were all good sense and affection, one couldn't stand it.

"The Case of the Moth-Eaten Mink," by Erle Stanley Gardner (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), opens with the headlong flight of a waitress in the thick of dinner-time. Perry Mason and Della Street are among those present, and are at once buttonholed by the proprietor. He says the girl was new and a stranger, but is plainly anxious to keep her dark—her and her abandoned mink. And for some reason, since she has already been shot at and run over outside. . . . So far, good; but the development, involving the murder of a rookie cop a long time ago, is more of a grind. There is a trial scene, however, with Mason doubling the rôles of defence counsel and witness for the prosecution.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THE world's two biggest nations, the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., reflect their contrasting political outlooks in their chess literature and, above all, their periodicals, to a rather quaint degree.

*Shakhmaty v S.S.S.R.* ("Chess in the U.S.S.R.") has appeared monthly, with a slight break, due to the war, since 1922. It is a serious publication, sought after by every player, in or outside Russia, as soon as he becomes fairly expert—assuming the Russian orthography does not frighten him off it completely. It undoubtedly numbers among its regular readers many who do not understand one word of Russian at all, for the moves of the games are given in the standard Continental style employing our alphabet, so that they can be played through by any Western European without difficulty. When these people come to a note, they find more moves—alternative moves—interspersed with comments in Russian, and even though the latter may be incomprehensible to them, they can usually elucidate from an examination of the situations which arise whether the author is indicating an improvement on the actual play, or an inferior alternative.

Such is the enterprise and originality of the Soviet chess players that hundreds of masters throughout the world derive inspiration from its pages. Of its total circulation of 35,000 copies (every Russian periodical announces its circulation in every issue!), we imagine nearly 1000 copies go out of the country.

Besides *Shakhmaty*, there used to be a chess newspaper entitled "64" (the number of squares on the chess-board). With pages roughly 2 ft. square, this appeared, with fine originality, each five days. Thus 73 times a year; and if you want to bring any periodical out an integral number of times in an ordinary calendar year, you'll soon bump up against the fact that 5 and 73 are 365's only factors. "64's" superiority over *Shakhmaty* was speed of production: it often published games within twenty-four hours of their being played. *Shakhmaty* has always tended to be slow; it may take six or seven weeks for a tournament to be properly reported in its pages and it is perhaps only partial compensation to the really keen Western reader that the opening technique in Russian events is normally six months or so ahead of the West.

"64" met its demise in the war and has not been revived. Its place has largely been taken by the daily bulletins which are issued of the progress of every important event. Every move played in the Russian Championship on a Monday is on sale in the streets, in printed form throughout most of the country the next evening.

*Shakhmaty* not being serious enough for the keenest Soviet players, has now been joined by *Shakhmatny Bulletin* (the uninspired titling is liable to confuse; this is another regular monthly, nothing to do with the irregularly-appearing bulletins of tournaments). If outside masters are keen on *Shakhmaty*, they are almost insane to get *Shakhmatny Bulletins*. If I were told that a chess master had murdered somebody for a *Shakhmatny Bulletin*, I should not be surprised. Whereas *Shakhmaty* has not only games and opening analysis, but pictures, problems, a little propaganda, dips into chess history, world chess news and even a little about draughts, *Shakhmatny Bulletin* is just one solid sledge of games and opening research. It sells 2000 copies a time, and if it were not for a certain reticence in the sending of supplies abroad—it must be amply clear to the publishers how voraciously the world reaches out for Soviet chess secrets—I think 1000 copies of each issue could be sold outside the U.S.S.R. with ease.

These are the two massive State organs of chess, officially published under the aegis of the Ministry of Physical Culture and Sport. (Chess has a secure place alongside football, weight-lifting, etc., which has never been challenged, throughout the existence of this Ministry, for a moment.)

There are a few chess-columns in newspapers scattered through the U.S.S.R.

That is all.

The contrast with the U.S.A., as we shall see next week, is fantastic.

cobra. (Need I add that Major Fox was an officer of the Special Investigation Branch?) I can describe this book, with my hand on my heart, as a "rattling good yarn."

I have left myself too little space to do justice to Mr. Ivan T. Sanderson's "Follow the Whale" (Cassell; 25s.). At the age of nine, he wriggled his way through the main artery of a 70-ft. whale into its heart. This would undoubtedly have given me a distaste for these creatures, but it served to endear them to Mr. Sanderson. He has given us a scientific study, starting with the Neolithic Age, and ending with the statement: "After at least ten thousand years in pursuit of the whale we still know very little about him, and we don't understand those of our own kind who have followed him." (I had just been about to write that I had found Mr. Sanderson's book most informative!)

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM GERTRUDE BELL TO FOREIGN ADVENTURES.

HAVING some personal recollection of Gertrude Bell I can cordially agree with Miss V. Sackville-West's description of her as a remarkable and delightful character. "One would hesitate," she goes on in her foreword to "Gertrude Bell," by Elizabeth Burgoyne (Benn; 42s.), "to call it the Official Biography, since that always suggests something rather heavy and portentous." Certainly there is nothing heavy or portentous about this book, which consists almost wholly of extracts from Miss Bell's personal papers, diaries and letters between 1889 and 1914, but I do not think that it amounts to a biography at all. In her natural eagerness to let her subject speak for herself—and how well she does it!—the author has added no more

than the barest leaven of explanation and comment. As a result, there are many gaps. It is well known, for instance, that Miss Bell was much influenced by the late Sir Valentine Chirol; but he hardly emerges from this book as more than one correspondent among many. In the early chapters, too, there seems to be too little explanation. Miss Bell's invitation to Bucharest in 1886 is understandable, because Lady Lascelles, the wife of the then British Minister, was her aunt, but a few pages later we read: "Spring, 1892, found Gertrude in Teheran." Surely this is rather remarkable? Surely spring did not often find young Victorian ladies in Teheran? Her incessant journeys are, as it were, taken for granted, and in view of her later fame as a traveller I suppose this is reasonable, but I cannot help regretting that I have not been told just how it all began.

That is really my only regret. There are more than 300 pages of text in this book, and I found them all too few. The world tours, and the journeys in Persia and Turkey, are fascinating. Miss Bell faced danger and discomfort with courage and serenity, supported by the tireless activity of her enquiring mind. Her physical endurance must have been tremendous. Already, in 1894, when she was aged only sixteen, her diary of a trip to Switzerland contains such entries as: "Got up at five and swam in the lake". . . "Up at 4.35, and after a scanty breakfast said goodbye to Franz, and with our host of the Hutte, who was an excellent guide, we went up to the top of the Solstein by a very steep path under the cliff."

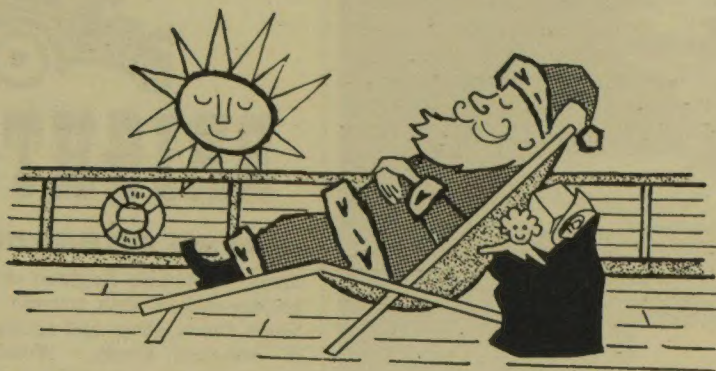
But travel and exploration did not make up the whole of Miss Bell's life. Among other things there is an interesting description of the funeral of Queen Victoria, and another of the Durbar of 1903.

Quite another view of foreign travels is given in Anthony Delmayne's "Sahara Desert Escape" (Jarrolds; 16s.). Mr. Delmayne joined the Foreign Legion as a "durationist" at the beginning of the war, and after the fall of France he made two attempts to escape, the latter successful. It is a book of extreme toughness. Morally, and often physically, the men of the Legion have to be prepared to stick out their own jaws and plant blows on those of others. Mr. Delmayne's experiences in a labour camp after being caught during his first attempt to escape are—there is no other word for it—disgusting. Dirt abounds, and again, it is both moral and physical. Nor does the author attempt to make himself out to be better or cleaner than anyone else. This is, I think, what gives this book its special tone, both convincing and readable. Otherwise it might merely have been what one might call a piece of down-to-earth P. C. Wren, without a gentleman on the horizon.

Even better, of its kind, is "Afghan Adventure," by John Fox, as told to Roland Goodchild (Robert Hale; 16s.). If, at the age of ten, I had read this story in instalments published in the "Boy's Own Paper," I believe that I would have considered it crudely over-written. Yet every word of it is true. Major Fox pursued arms-smugglers in the North-West Frontier Province of India towards the end of the war. He disguised himself as a Pathan, crossed the Khyber, and blew up an illicit arms dump in Kabul. He and his companions waylaid a caravan carrying arms, fought a pitched battle against heavy odds, borrowed a destroyer from the Royal Indian Navy in order to arrest dhow in the Gulf, and finally arrested the Big Man behind the Racket. The story is peppered with exquisite hours (I know Major Fox doesn't call them that, but I'm going to), sinister Orientals and a 5-ft.



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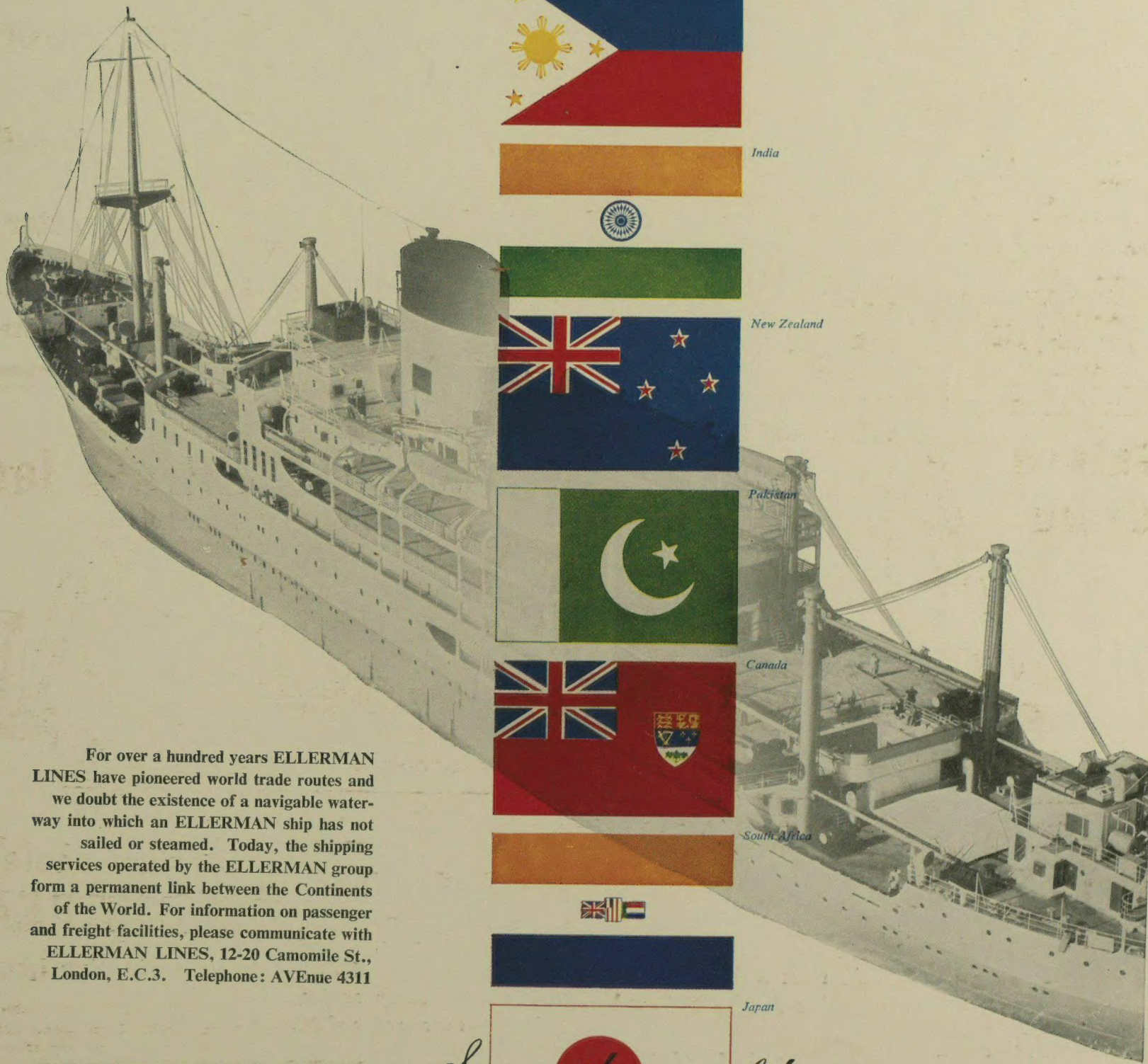
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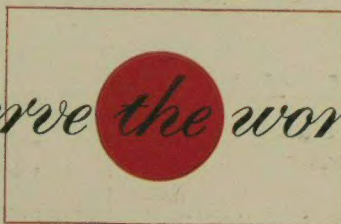




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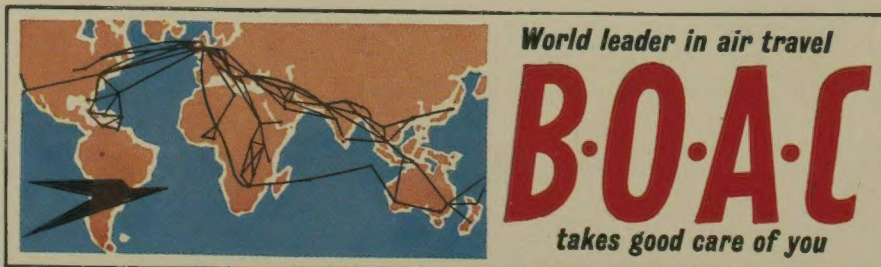
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